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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Cascket.* 8vo. pp. 446. London, 1829. Murray.

INSTEAD of analysing the contents of the *Casket*, which we have but just opened, we cannot do better than choose a few specimens; endeavouring, like a fair lady at some favourite *fête*, to use our best taste in the selection. The two following, by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, are most touchingly simple and beautiful:—

“Lines to a Young Lady, on her Marriage.

They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride, That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;

And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet, And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met.

To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing Lay aside her maiden gladness— for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love, And gay friends may be around, and bluer skies above; Yet thou, when I behold thee next, mayst wear upon thy brow,

Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy milk,

And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child, Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes over my brain,

When I think thou ne'er mayst be that free and girlish I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,

And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,

The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings. But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,

That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall go down,

Like the ev'ning in the eastern clime, that never knows a When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,

When thou lovest, and those that love thee, weeping round thee stand, Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,

Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!”

“ *Stanzas addressed to—*

You ask me, gentle maiden,

For a rhyme, as friendship's boon;

But my spirit is overladen,

My heart is out of tune;

I may not breathe a poet's vow,

My music is a name,—

And it seldom breaks its slumbers now

For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break

The spell that round it clings,

And gleams of thought, that yet awake

Sweet murmuring from the strings;

But then, with something of its old

And long-forgotten art,

Oh! there mingle tones, that fall as cold

As midnight on the heart.

I hung it on a blighted tree,

In a dream—remember'd land,

Where the waters ripple peacefully,

In their beauty, to the strand,—

Beside my own lanthe's bower,

Where I had traced her name,—

But, from that most ill-omen'd hour,

It never was the same.

Yet, though its gay notes were blown,

My spirit doth rejoice,

When I deem that visionary tone

The echo of her voice:

For like the voice of the evening breeze,  
When the autumn leaf it stirs,  
And a murmuring music on the trees,  
Oh! just such a voice was hers.  
Silent and sad her tomb is there,  
And my early visions too,—  
But her spirit is lingering in the air,  
And her tears are in the dew,  
And the light of her maidenly-mournful eyes,  
On her bower hath never set,  
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from  
the skies,  
On a lonely bosom yet.”

Can any thing be more spirited than the following, by T. Marshall?

“ *The Hunter Stag: a Sketch.*

What sounds are on the mountain blast?  
Like bullet from the arbalest,  
Was it the hunted quarry past  
Right up Ben-ledi's side?—  
So near, so rapidly he dash'd,  
Yon lichen'd bough has scarcely dash'd  
Into the torrent's tide.  
Ay!—The good hound may bay beneath,  
The hunter wind his horn;  
He dared ye through the flooded Teith  
As a warrior in his scorn!  
Dash the red rowel in the steed,  
Spur, laggards, ye may ye!  
St. Hubert's shaft to a strippling's reed,  
He dies no death to-day!  
Forward!—Nay, waste not idle breath,  
Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath;  
His antlers dance above the heath,  
Like chieftain's plumed helm;  
Right onward for the western peak,  
Where the breaks in the one white streak,  
See, Isabel, in bold relief,  
To Fingal's home!—Glanachey's chief,  
To guard his sacred realm,  
So motionless, so noiseless there,  
His foot on rock, his head in air,  
Like sculptor's breathing stone!  
Then, snoring from the rapid race,  
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,  
Glares grimly on the baffled chase,  
And seeks the covert lone.”

We regret we have not room for the “Dead Pirate,” by the same author. The next little poem is very exquisite—“ one haunting touch of melancholy thought.” It is from the pen of Mr. E. Lyton Bulwer.

“ *The Complaint of the Violets.*

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill  
We slept in our green retreats,  
And the April showers were wont to fill  
Our hearts with sweets;  
And though we lay in a lowly bower,  
Yet all things loved us well,  
And the waking bee left its fairest flower  
With us to dwell.  
But the warm May came in his pride to woo  
The wealth of our virgin store,  
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew  
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot

Where we dwell—and its suns and showers

Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—

Oh! not to ours!

We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er

Is the charm of the earth and sky:

To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,

Or bid us die!”

The “Lines to an Orphan,” by Mrs. Hemans, are full of that sweetness yet sorrowfulness of affection in which she excels.

“ Thou hast been rear'd too tenderly,

Beloved too well and long,

Watch'd by too many a gentle eye:

Now look on life—be strong!

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,

Too holy and too deep;

Bright clouds, through summer skies that range,

Seem oftentimes thus to sleep;—

To sleep, in all very stillness bound,  
As things that ne'er may melt;  
Yet gaze again—no trace is found  
To shew thee where they dwelt.  
This world hath no more love to give  
Like that which thou hast known;  
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive  
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh! too beautiful and brief

Thy home of youth hath been;

Where shall thy wing, poor bird! find rest,

Shut out from that sweet scene?

Kind voices from departed years

Must haunt thee many a day;

Locks that will smite the source of tears,

Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the alter'd or the dead—

And music that is gone,

A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,

And thou shalt wake alone.

Alone!—it is in that deep word

That all thy sorrow lies;

How is the heart to courage stir'd

By smiles from kindred eyes!

And are these lost? and have I said

To night like them so strong?

So bid the willow lift its head,

And brave the tempest's wrong!

Thou need! o'er which the storm hath pass'd,

Thou, shaken with the wind,

On one, friend, thy weakness cast,

There is but one to bind.”

There are two clever, but too allegorical, poems by Mr. Praed: we prefer his *charades*, flowing in the most musical verse, filled with poetical imagery, and original as the character he alone seems able to give them. How very gracefully turned is the compliment in this one page!

“ Come from my First, ay, come!  
The battle dawn is nigh;  
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum  
Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;

Fall as thy father fell;

Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:

So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!

Fling high the flambeau's light;

And sing the hymn for a parted soul,

Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,

The cross upon his breast,—

Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:

So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!

The lord of lute and lay;

And let him greet the sable pall

With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name;

No fitter hand may crave

To light the flame of a soldier's fame

On the turf of a soldier's grave!”

Need we add the solution in the name of Campbell? We must find space for two or three more.

“ Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower,  
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower;  
Call ye my First from her chamber now,  
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,  
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,

Looking for her, as he curvets by,

With an arching neck and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;

Ranged in meet order the menial throng;

Jerome is ready with book and stile,

And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my whole?

Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?

Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?

Out on the false one! he comes not yet—

Lady, forget him, yes, scorn and forget.”

“ My First was dark o'er earth and air,

As dark as she could be!

The stars that ginned her ebon hair  
Were only two or three:  
King Cole saw twice as many there  
As you or I could see.  
" Away, King Cole," mine hostess said,  
" Flagon and flask are dry;  
Your nose is neighing in the shed,  
For he knows a storm is nigh."  
She set my Second on his head,  
And she set it all awry.  
He stood upright upon his legs—  
Long life to good King Cole!  
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,  
He filled a silver bowl;  
He drained the draught to the very dregs,  
And he called that draught my Whole."

" He talked of daggers and of darts,  
Of passions and of pains,  
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,  
Of kisses and of chases;  
He said, that Love was kin to Grief,  
He was not born to grieve;  
He said, many arued belief,  
She safely might believe;  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.  
He said my First—whose silent car  
Was slowly wandering by,  
Veiled in a vapour faint and fair  
Through the unfathomed sky,—  
Was like the smile whose rosy light  
Across her young lips passed,  
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,  
It changed not half so fast;  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.  
And then he set a cypress wreath  
Upon his raven hair,  
And drew his rapier from its sheath,  
Which made the lady stare;  
And said his life-blood's purple flow  
My Second there should dim,  
If she he loved and worshipped so  
Would only weep for him;  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say."

In adding the solutions, bridegroom—nightcap—moonshine, we confess to only guessing, so that our readers may still exercise their ingenuity. We shall finish with poems by L. E. L.

" The Fountain: a Ballad.  
Why startest thou back from that fountain of sweet water?  
The roses are drooping while waiting for thee;  
Ladye, 'tis dark with the red hue of slaughter,  
There is blood on that fountain—oh! whose may it be?  
Uprose the lady at once from her dreaming,  
Dreams born of sights from the violet round,  
The jasmine bough caught in her bright tresses, seeming  
In pity to keep the fair prisoner it bound;  
Tear-like the white leaves fall round her, as, breaking  
The branch is her haste, to the fountain she flew,  
The wave and the flowers o'er its mirror were weeping,  
Pale as the marble around it she grew.  
She followed its track to the grove of the willow,  
To the bower of the twilight it led her at last,  
There lay the bosom so often her pillow,  
But the dagger was in it, its beating was past.  
Round the neck of the youth a light chain was entwining,  
The dagger had clef'd it, she joined it again,  
One dark curl of his, one of her like gold shining.  
They hoped this would part us, they hoped it in vain.  
Race of dark-haired, the stern unforgiving,  
Whose hearts are as cold as the steel which they wear.  
By the blood of the dead, the despair of the living,  
Oh, house of my kinsman, my curse be your share!  
She bowed her fair face on the sleeper before her,  
Night came and shed its cold tears on her brow;  
Crimson the blush of the morning past o'er her,  
But the cheek of the maiden returned not its glow.  
Pale on the earth are the wild flowers weeping,  
The cypress a their column, the night-wind their hymn,  
These mark the grave where those lovers are sleeping  
Lovely—the lovely are mourning for them."

We do not conceive the volume before us at all amenable to criticism; it is an appeal to our kindliest and best feelings. Of all changes, that from affluence to dependence is one which, while it most imperatively calls for assistance, yet makes that very assistance a task of the utmost delicacy. The plan of the editor, Mrs. Blencowe, to whom the public are indebted for projecting this cento of contributions from the

gifted writers of the day, is excellent; and we think no small credit is due to the active kindness which has thus followed up its first impulse of benevolence. We therefore most strongly recommend the *Casket* to our readers, as not less deserving of favour for its intention—the relief of misfortune—than for the many beautiful specimens of poetry it contains.

*The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great (being No. III. of the Family Library).*  
By the Rev. J. Williams, A.M. London, 1829. Murray.

The author of this volume has long been possessed of a reputation of the very first order as an instructor of youth in classical learning. With all the honours of Oxford on his head, he began this business at Winchester College;—pursued it with great success for some years at the College of Lampeter, in Cardiganshire (of which place he is vicar);—and, latterly, completed his fame by organising and establishing in complete vigour the New Edinburgh Academy, the first northern seminary in which the English system of classical teaching has been adopted, and which already, within five or six years at most, counts some 7 or 800 pupils. Mr. Williams's well-won reputation attracted the notice of the Committee of the University of London, and he was originally appointed to their Greek chair. Some misunderstanding, however, arose; and Mr. W., having in the mean time vacated his rectorship at Edinburgh, ultimately declined to fill the professor's seat in Gower Street. Hence, for the present, leisure—hence a book; and such a book, that we heartily desire the Vicar of Lampeter may never more be tempted from that peaceful desk which displays no *ferula*.

If any one ask, Were there not good enough lives of Alexander the Great in existence before now? we answer, that in our humble opinion the lives of all the heroes of the old world, whether eminent in arts or in arms, do require to be written over again. Most certainly. The best biographies of this class date, with hardly an exception, full a hundred years back;—and where is the department of knowledge in which seven-league boots have not been at work since then? We are satisfied that, considering the progress made in the studies of language, chronology, and, above all, geography, within the last century, there is an immense field open before those who seem now to be engaged in the attempt to carry the spirit of modern philosophy and science into ancient history and biography, as well as other branches of "useful and entertaining" knowledge.

Mr. Williams's book is a happy specimen of what might be done, and ought to be done, in respect of many a mighty name of old, besides that of the Macedonian. It is really no exaggeration to say, that one in reading it feels—" Well, this is the first time I ever heard this story told *rationally*." Mr. W. seems to be as familiar with the Macedonian court as a modern gentleman might be expected to be with that of Louis XIV. or Frederick the Great; and he contrives to make his readers as familiar with these things as himself, and to take as much interest in them. Nothing can be better told than the early history of Alexander—his education and campaigns of the Danube and Thebes, when

The great Erathian conqueror bade spare  
The house of Pindarus.

Nor has our author failed in rendering the internal condition of Greece at the time when the Asiatic expedition commenced, as clear and

intelligible as could have been wished. But it is with regard to the great expedition itself, the state of the Persian constitution, court, and resources—the policy of Alexander in completing, at whatever expense of time, the conquests of Tyre and Egypt, ere he met Darius in the final and decisive field—the detail of the circumstances attending Alexander's recognition by the Persian nation—and, above all, the march into India, and the masterly proceedings subsequently, with the view of restoring Assyria to her ancient prosperity—in a word, it is on the Asiatic history of this prince, styled by Johnson with such exquisite absurdity *a madman*—that Mr. Williams has bestowed his greatest exertions, and been most splendidly rewarded. Whatever new light could be thrown on any particular point of Alexander's career, by a most strict examination of all the original writings of the Greeks and Romans—whatever could be gathered from the literature of the Arabs and Persians—above all, whatever the works of modern European travellers could supply in illustration of topographical descriptions and local manners—all this may now be found concentrated in one handy little volume of the Family Library. The narrative of Arrian forms the *warp*; and in the *weof* a thousand threads are mingled—Athenaeus at the one end, and Bishop Heber at the other.

By way of specimen, we may select Mr. Williams's Introduction.

"Greece, its islands, and the western part of Asia Minor, have from the earliest ages been the principal scene of the great struggle between the eastern and western worlds. Between the European and Asiatic, even under the same latitude, there exists a marked difference in feelings, manners, and character. That this difference is independent of climate and of country, and attributable to long-established habits, and a system of education transmitted down from the remotest ages, is apparent from the well-known facts, that the Greek at Seleucia on the Tigris, at Palmyra, Antioch, and the Egyptian Alexandria, continued to be still a Greek; while the Arab in Andalusia and Grenada was still an Arab, and the Turk in Europe has retained all the feelings, manners, and customs, of his oriental ancestors. It is not wonderful, therefore, that two races so inherently different from each other, should, where limitary, be engaged in perpetual warfare. The great struggle has in general been in the vicinity of those narrow seas that separate Europe from Asia. It has now continued, with strange vicissitudes, for more than six-and-twenty centuries, and longer too, if we add well-founded traditions to historical records; and yet there appears no sign of an approaching termination. By a curious inversion of their relative positions, the Europeans are on the banks of the Ganges and on the shores of the Caspian, and the Asiatics on the banks of the Danube and the shores of the Adriatic. But my present object is not to trace the result of the struggle down to our days, but to give a short sketch of its leading events previous to the invasion of Asia by Alexander. I pass over the conquest of the Peloponnesus by the Phrygian Pelops, the establishment of a Phoenician colony in Bœotia, and of other oriental settlers in various parts of Greece. I dwell not on the Argonautic expedition, the conquest of Troy by Hercules, the seizure and occupation of Rhodes and its dependant islands by his immediate descendants, not from any doubt of the facts, but because they are not in the right line that con-

ducts us down to the expedition of Alexander. The result of the second Trojan war was far different, as the superiority attained by the Europeans in that contest enabled them to seize all the intervening islands, and to occupy the whole Asiatic coast, from Halicarnassus to Cyzicus, with their Dorian, Ionian, and Aeolian colonies. The first and last did not spread much; but the Ionians, the descendants of the civilised Achaeans and Athenians, flourished greatly, covered the seas with their fleets, and studded the shores of the Euxine with wealthy and splendid cities. These colonists in Asia were the founders of Grecian literature. From them sprung Homer and Hesiod, Alceus and Sappho, Thales and Herodotus. And had they possessed a system of civil polity adapted for the purpose, they had strength, knowledge, and energy, sufficient to have conquered all Asia. But their circle of action was narrowed by their confined views of constitutional governments. Even Aristotle, superior as he was to his countrymen, wrote, in much later times, that a hundred thousand and five thousand citizens were numbers equally incompatible with the existence of a free state, as the greater number would render deliberation impossible, and the less be inadequate for the purposes of self-defence. This limitation was grounded on the principle, that every Greek had an imprescriptible right to attend and vote in the great council of the nation, and to be eligible, in his turn, to the highest offices of the state. To fulfil these duties ably and with advantage to the commonwealth, the constitution supposed all free citizens to be gentlemen or wealthy yeomen, able to live upon their own means, without devoting themselves to any particular profession or pursuit. The number of such men, in comparison with the great mass of the population condemned to hopeless slavery, was very limited. Sparta in the days of Aristotle contained only nine thousand citizens. The loss of seven hundred warriors at the battle of Leuctra had consequently proved fatal to her Grecian supremacy. The number of Athenian citizens varied from twenty to thirty thousand. When, therefore, one thousand, probably the prime and flower of the nation, had fallen at Cheroneia, the blow was regarded as irreparable, and all thoughts of further resistance abandoned. Hence it is apparent that the erection of any powerful monarchy in the vicinity of states constituted on this principle, must eventually prove fatal to their independence. Such was the fate of the Grecian colonies in Asia. Their neighbours, the Lydians, under the government of the Mermades, a native dynasty, had become a powerful race; and the discovery of the gold excavated from Mount Tmolus, or sifted from the bed of the Pactolus, furnished them with the means of supporting a regular army. After a lengthened contest, they therefore succeeded in reducing to subjection all the continental Greeks. The conquered and the conquerors were united by Cyrus to his new empire, and became Persian subjects under Cambyses and Darius. The Ionians revolted from the latter, but were subdued after an unavailing struggle. At the commencement of the revolt the Athenians sent a fleet to aid their colonists. The combined Athenian and Ionian forces marched to Sardes, and burnt the Lydian capital. This rash act drew on Athens and on Greece the whole vengeance of the Persian monarchs. After a long and deadly contest, the Greeks repelled the invaders, pursued them into Asia, and for a time liberated

their Asiatic fellow-countrymen. But their own civil contests diverted their attention from foreign objects, and their splendid victories had no further result. The same may be said of the two campaigns of Agesilaus in Asia, for the management of which Xenophon has praised him far beyond his merits. Then followed the disgraceful peace of Antalcidas, which once more consigned the Asiatic Greeks to the tender mercies of a Persian despot. From that period Persia changed her policy, and spared neither money nor intrigues in attempting to embroil the Grecian states with each other. For this conduct she had sufficient cause—for the expedition of the ten thousand had revealed to the hungry Greeks her weakness and their own strength. They had therefore, of late, been eager to free themselves from the harassing contests of the numerous aristocracies and democracies, and to unite under one head in a serious and combined attack upon the Persian monarchy. Jason, the Thessalian, had nearly matured his plans, and, had he not been suddenly arrested in his career, the Greeks would have probably invaded Asia under him as their captain-general; but his assassination only postponed the great event. Philip, the son of Amyntas, had followed the path marked out by Jason; and by patience, prudence, and vigour, succeeded in his great object. The Thebans and Athenians, who contested the Macedonian supremacy in the field, were defeated; and the Spartans, too proud to submit, too weak to resist, sullenly stood aloof from the general confederation, and withheld their vote from the Macedonian captain-general. But Persia was again saved from invasion by the death of Philip; and Alexander succeeded to his throne and pretensions in the twentieth year of his age."

This appears to us to be a passage distinguished alike for originality and for justice of views; and it affords a fair sample of Mr. Williams's style, which possesses much strength and clearness, and sometimes rises into very noble eloquence, but has not as yet reached the felicity of perfect freedom.

By way of shewing how ingeniously and how effectually the author brings modern materials to the clearing up of old mysteries, we may turn to his account of a very striking and hitherto unexplained occurrence which took place immediately before Alexander's fatal illness—we mean the story of the slave who climbed up and seated himself on the royal throne in the midst of the guards, and the wonderful importance attached to this incident by the oriental subjects of the conqueror.

"A few days before his last illness, he was busily employed in superintending the formation of his new corps. The tent, which was his favourite residence, was erected on the plain, and in front was placed the throne, whence he could inspect the proceedings. In the course of the day he retired to quench his thirst, and was attended by all the great officers, who left the throne under the sole care of the eunuchs of the palace. An obscure Greek, who was on the field, seeing the throne and the seats on both sides empty, with the eunuchs standing in rows behind, walked up, and deliberately seated himself upon the throne. The eunuchs, it appears, were prevented by the etiquette of the Persian court from disturbing the intruder, but they raised a loud cry of lamentation, tore their garments, beat their breasts and foreheads, and shewed other signs of grief, as if some great misfortune had befallen them. The event was judged to be highly important, and the intruder

was put to the torture in order to discover whether he had accomplices or not in this overt act of treason, for such it was considered to be by all the Persians of the court. But the only answer which they could extract from the unhappy man was, that he had acted most unintentionally, and without any ulterior views. This confession, in the opinion of the diviners, gave a more fatal complexion to the omen. Without a knowledge of eastern customs it would have been impossible to discover why so much importance was paid to a trifling occurrence; but the following passage from the Emperor Baber's autobiography will illustrate this and other obscure points of eastern history. 'It is a singular custom in the history of Bengal, that there is little of hereditary descent in succession to the sovereignty. There is a throne allotted for the king, there is in like manner a seat or station assigned for each of the amirs, vazirs, and sobdars. It is that throne and these stations alone which engage the reverence of the people of Bengal. A set of dependants, servants, and attendants, are annexed to each of these situations: when the king wishes to dismiss or appoint any person, whosoever is placed in the seat of the one dismissed is immediately attended and obeyed by the whole establishment of dependants, servants, and retainers, annexed to the seat which he occupies; nay, even this rule obtains even as to the royal throne itself; whoever kills the king, and succeeds in placing himself on that throne, is immediately acknowledged as king. All the amirs, vazirs, soldiers, and peasants, instantly obey and submit to him, and consider him as much their sovereign as they did their former prince, and obey his orders as implicitly. The people of Bengal say, "We are faithful to the throne; whoever fills the throne, we are obedient and true to it." ' To this passage the editor of Baber adds the following note. 'Strange as this custom may seem, a similar one prevailed down to a very late period in Malabar. There was a jubilee every twelve years in the Samorin's country; and any one who succeeded in forcing his way through the Samorin's guards and slew him, reigned in his stead. The attempt was made in 1696, and again a few years ago, but without success.' The Persians and Medes were not Hindoos, but seem to have adopted many ceremonies from the Assyrians, who were a cognate people with the Egyptians and Indians. This doctrine of obedience to the throne had been established for the safety of the great body of the nation during civil contests. It furnished a valid excuse for obeying the king *de facto*, without inquiring into his title *de jure*. But the very principle adopted to insure the national tranquillity became one great cause of civil wars. For when any bold adventurer succeeded in gathering a sufficient number of marauders, bandits, and outcasts, not troubled with any conscientious scruples on the subject of passive obedience, he boldly claimed the throne, and success formed the best of titles. The chance of battle might prove fatal to the reigning monarch, and thus at once convert the loyal troops into a band of rebels. The Persians under Cyrus the Younger did not salute him as king until they had witnessed the defeat of the royal army; although Cyrus had long before claimed the crown, because he was a better man than his brother. The assassination of Darius by Bessus and his accomplices must be referred to the same principle. By the murder of his sovereign, Bessus transferred his rights to himself. But had Darius fallen alive into the hands of Alexander, they would have devolved

upon the captor. Many battles in the East have been lost in consequence of this feeling. Mahmoud of Ghiani gained the battle which opened India to his army, because the elephant of his victorious opponent became unruly, and bore the rajah off the field. And Dara, a descendant of the same Baber from whom we derive the knowledge of this feeling, lost the throne of Delhi, because, in the battle which secured the crown to his brother Aurungzeb, he happened to dismount from his elephant in the heat of the contest. From this digression we may form some opinion of the reasons which induced the Persians to treat with such severity the chance-occupant of the royal seat of Alexander."

We are greatly mistaken if this little volume do not become school-book. It is far better fitted for that purpose than any one of recent publication with which we have chanced to meet. It will, no doubt, be a great favourite among young persons engaged in the delightful career of classical study: but we are bound to add, that it deserves a place in the collection of the most mature reader, and is, in fact, a permanent addition to the stock of standard histories in the English tongue. There is an excellent map; and two portraits of Alexander, from the best authenticated medals, both very spiritedly cut in wood.

*The School of Fashion.* 3 vols. 12mo.

London, 1829. Colburn.

LIKE many of its contemporaries, there is little incident, and less plot, to be found in these pages; but, unlike many of its contemporaries, there is both wit and sense, and a tone of satire which would have made a lively correspondent, had its author lived fifty or a hundred years ago. The great merit of the work lies in the first sketches of the characters introduced: were the execution as well developed as originally conceived, the story would have an interest which it now wants: but the *dramatis personae* are only personified opinions. Of the happy touches in some of these light sketches, the following portraits are fair examples.

"Mr. Lovaine was a worthy, excellent country gentleman, and, as such, had been an M.P., who always voted for the highest duty on imported corn, conscientiously believing it was the only means of affording cheap bread to the poor. He persecuted poachers with almost more than the utmost rigour of the law, because he considered poaching, if not quite the most dangerous crime ever heard of in this country, yet, to say the least, as leading to those that were. He would not have a single Catholic emancipated for all the value he placed on his eternal salvation, because he knew for certain that if such an innovation were ever admitted, the Pope would very soon become Archbishop of Canterbury, and a general conflagration of all Protestants would be the natural consequence. He believed Napoleon to have been a coward, and by far the wickedest man (Cromwell excepted) who had existed since the days of King Herod. He looked upon alteration as innovation, and innovation as a ramification of revolution. He hated what was new because it was so, and spoke with a respect approaching to reverence of the good old times when our ancestors had nothing to fear from the dangers of mitigated small-pox, as the effect of vaccination; of explosion from steam or gas-pipes; or from too great velocity in travelling, owing to the smoothness of Macadamized roads. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was illiberal or pre-

judiced; he seldom missed an opportunity of declaring that he had no prejudices, though he hated the French (and he certainly believed all foreigners to be French); and though not illiberal, he much feared that no true modesty—no real good wives or mothers—were to be found any where but in England; and he heartily thanked his Maker every night, not so much for his creation and preservation, as for the blessing of having been born an Englishman.—Mrs. Lovaine was of a good family; but, from accidental circumstances, her *coming out* (as the emancipation of a young lady from the disabilities of childhood is termed) was performed at Bath instead of in London. She had charmed her patriotic husband no less by her beauty than by her high gown and long petticoats; her habitual dread of, and implicit belief in, all the dreadful and dangerous conspiracies hatched by a Citizen North and others in Pig's-foot and Pye-crust Lane (*vide* Trurokeborough Hall), all of which were duly related to her by Mr. Lovaine; and, though last, not least, by her unfeigned admiration of his patriotism, fashion, and fortune. But times change, though men and women never do; it was the fashion at one time to dread all that was not English; it became the fashion to detest all that was so; and if Mrs. Lovaine always followed the same leader, how was she inconsistent? Mr. Lovaine, however, was obstinate, and never could be brought to see this in its proper light; and though they loved each other quite as much, if not more than many other happy couples, it certainly afforded matter of frequent discussion between them, whether there was more or less consistency in always following the times, or going in opposition to them if they changed. Mrs. Lovaine would, we have no doubt, have sacrificed much of her own amusement to promote that of her husband; but not to give Elinor every advantage which she considered necessary to her *succès* in the *beam monde* was impossible. She would have foregone pleasure, but her duty to her child was imperative."

The following short extract is of a more general description, and may illustrate the writer's talents in that way.

"Cynics would fain teach us never to hope; and prudent, well-intentioned advisers would try to undermine this our main support in life, by hinting that hope is but the parent of disappointment. We, however, think that hope and happiness are also very nearly allied; and although the former may tell 'a flattering tale,' it is one to which it is so agreeable to listen, that we much doubt whether, if a regular debtor and creditor account could be made out, the balance would not rather be found in favour of the number of hours spent in agreeable hope, than in those of painful disappointment. We, therefore, advise all young people to indulge in the dreams of hope as long as they can; and should they awake to disappointment in this world, let them remember with pious hope, that 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

Our concluding example is a capital touch at the imprudence of risking intimacies with parties unknown, either at home or abroad. Mrs. Lovaine gives a *réte* at Florence.

"The company began to assemble; but ere the room was crowded, the Countess Dunhaven was announced. Her height, her fine though harsh features, together with her splendid jewels and dress, gave her what is vulgarly called such a dashing appearance, that she could not fail to excite attention throughout the room. The Marquise de la Bruyère was sitting by

Mrs. Lovaine when she entered. The Marquise was of a noble French family, and from her long residence at Florence, and from her cultivation of literary society, was much looked up to by both natives and foreigners, and her house became the great resort of talent and fashion. With many amiable qualities, which endeared her to her friends and acquaintance, there was in her a propensity to imagine affronts where none had been intended, and a hastiness in shewing her displeasure that often hurried her into acts of injustice, which were not so easily forgiven by others as they were acknowledged by herself. Mrs. Lovaine, knowing that marked attention was agreeable to Madame de la Bruyère, made a point of introducing Lady Dunhaven to her before she conferred that honour upon any other acquaintance. The marquise was *prévenante*—the countess all smiles—Elinor was engaged for every dance—Mrs. Lovaine was all joy and triumph. As soon as Madame de la Bruyère quitted the ball, Mrs. Lovaine promenaded the rooms arm-in-arm with Lady Dunhaven, and presented the wife of her old friend to all from whom she had received civility during her *séjour* at Florence, and revenged many a little wrong by withholding that advantage from others. It was a night of bliss to Mrs. Lovaine; and so fully satisfied did she feel of her own fashion and consequence, that she determined upon erasing from her visiting-book, the following day, at least thirty acquaintance, who had nothing but good character to recommend them. Balls, however, like all other earthly pleasures, must end; and so, at a late hour, Mrs. Lovaine's banquet-hall was deserted; 'its lights were fled, its garlands dead, and all but she departed.' To Elinor it had been a scene of innocent amusement: she had given pleasure by her simplicity and good nature, and she had been pleased in return by the notice bestowed upon her. But gratified vanity or satisfied ambition had formed no part of her enjoyment: she was amused; but having been unable previously to form any idea from what source she wished to derive her amusement, it was not the success of a design that had delighted her; and, at the end, though she was fully sensible of the effect, she was unconscious of the precise cause. Incessant dancing on her part, and equally incessant smiling, and being agreeable on the part of her mother, soon reconciled both to the idea of repose, and soon were they 'bound in slumber's chains,' alike unconscious of past pleasure or coming woe. It was late the following morning when Mrs. Lovaine and her daughter, with pale faces and slight head-aches, came down to breakfast: both were fatigued, and unable to settle to any employment; Mrs. Lovaine therefore desired Elinor to accompany her to Lady Dunhaven's, for the purpose of inquiring how her ladyship felt after the *réte* of the preceding night. Lady Dunhaven was at home; had slept well; overwhelmed Mrs. Lovaine with compliments upon the success of her ball, the good looks of Elinor, &c. In short, never had she been so agreeable, and never did Mrs. Lovaine feel so sure of her friendship and regard. Upon her return home, she found her table covered with cards and notes: she perused all she saw, and was leaving the room, when Elinor said, 'Here is another letter, mamma, that has fallen on the floor.' Mrs. Lovaine opened and read it with an eagerness which surprised her daughter; but her surprise was quickly succeeded by alarm when she perceived that her mother was as pale as ashes. The contents were as follow:—'If your conduct last night proceeded from igno-

rance, this note will surprise you. If, on the contrary, it arose from a disregard to your own reputation, and still more to that of your interesting and engaging daughter, the writer hopes it may at least produce some feelings of shame. The notorious and infamous Countess Dungenham, upon whose arm you were fondly leaning, and by the introduction of whom you insulted your friends and acquaintance, is Lord Henry Fitz-Allan's divorced wife, a woman whose depraved conduct, intriguing spirit, and violent temper, rendered her so obnoxious even to her own relations, that, unpitied and unnoticed, she left Ireland with her last dupe (and, strange to say, husband!) to seek abroad an asylum from the virtuous indignation which her character universally excited at home. Your notice of her, not to say your apparent intimacy, has been the general topic of conversation and animadversion this morning."

The Marquise de la Bruyère is indignant; and, indeed, the punishment is quite enough for the error. In conclusion, we have only to add, that though very *fashionable* in its title, this production does not come within the objectionable class of trash of which so much has of late been published under similar names: on the contrary, it bears evidence of being written by a person (a female we should guess?) well acquainted with the upper circles of life, is generally spirited, an agreeable production for the lovers of light reading, and yet containing many hints that ought not to be thrown away.

*Civil Architecture. Designs for completing some of the Public Buildings in Westminster, and for correcting Defects in others: humbly submitted to the consideration of His Majesty, the Members of both Houses of Parliament, the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, the Judges of the several Courts, the learned Counsel practising in those Courts, and to the Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works. By John Soane, &c. &c. (Not published.)*

ADMIRING as we do the good taste, talents, genius, and liberal spirit of Mr. Soane, we feel more than ordinary regret that this ill-advised volume should have the notoriety it will obtain even by private circulation. That the New Law Courts are inconveniently constructed, is, we fear, beyond all question, and that their style of decoration is eccentric and unworthy of the artist who built the Bank of England, is to us as little problematical: yet we think that Mr. Soane's feelings have been wounded with unnecessary and undeserved severity; and that in many instances there has been great want of candour on the part of his detractors, and even of those under whose direction or sanction he was proceeding, and at the time too when the evils complained of might have been remedied. We shall quote a few examples.

"In 1820 I was honoured with the commands of the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury to prepare designs for New Law Courts, to be erected on the space between the south-west turrets of the stone building at St. Margaret's Street, leading to the entrance into the House of Commons, and north-west tower of Westminster Hall, projecting in New Palace Yard as far as the buildings erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which abutted on the west front of the north-west tower of the Hall. During the time I was employed in composing a design adapted to the space allotted, the site proposed for the new buildings was so materially circumscribed, that it became necessary to change the arrangements entirely, and to remodel the first design. Another

design was made, and subsequently altered; which having been submitted to his majesty, approved by the judges, sanctioned by the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury, and a parliamentary vote for the estimated expense of the edifice granted, the works were immediately begun and carried on with so much zeal and activity, that in February 1824 they were far advanced towards the completion—the building having been inspected in its progress by the chancellor of the exchequer, the attorney-general, Mr. Herries, and other official characters—and I heard of no disapprobation until the 2d of March, when the morning papers gave the debates in the House of Commons of the preceding evening, on the defects and bad taste of the New Law Courts. According to these sources of information, it had been stated, that part of the new structure projected into the New Palace Yard was a miserable 'excrecence of the Boeotian or sixth order of architecture,' stated to have been first promulgated by one of the great luminaries of the law, and ought to be razed to the ground. The exterior also of the Court of King's Bench, not being in the Gothic style, was such a disgrace to the national architecture, that it was 'expedient to suspend the works, and to appoint a committee to examine and report on the same.' That the first disapprobation of the New Law Courts should have originated with the honourable member for Corfe Castle, and have been expressed in language so very distressing to the feelings and so injurious to the professional character of the architect, appears strange when it is recollect that the honourable gentleman, residing in Old Palace Yard, must have frequently noticed at least the exterior of the building; nay, soon after the Court of Chancery and the Vice-Chancellor's Court were completed, that honourable member, accompanied by the surveyor-general and myself, examined the works with scrupulous accuracy, seemed pleased with what he saw, and the only objection made was to the coloured glass in some of the upper lights, which, in deference and respect to the taste of that enlightened individual, was immediately removed. \* \* \*

"I shall now proceed to give some particulars respecting the other buildings in Westminster attached to the department I hold in his majesty's office of works, commencing with the Painted Chamber. It was stated some time since in the daily journals, that the honourable member for Corfe Castle had observed, that 'he had witnessed the demolition of a part of the old palace at Westminster, the ruins of which had been converted into something that could not be mentioned.' From the very unsatisfactory manner in which the alterations in the House of Lords had been performed, he wished to know what further was to be done, and particularly how far the work of destruction of the ancient and venerable monuments of art that once surrounded the House of Lords and parts adjacent was intended to be carried. He was sorry to have reason to understand that the system of destruction was to reach the Painted Chamber. This room—no less admirable for its beauty than its antiquity—it was unnecessary to destroy. Another honourable member said he understood from the remarks made that evening by the honourable member for Corfe Castle, that all the buildings of the ancient palace at Westminster were now devoted to destruction. With this impression on his mind, the honourable member then asked, What had become of the Painted Chamber—what was the character of the building erected in its place? Can any thing be more

incongruous or more inconsistent? The obvious reply to these questions is, that the Painted Chamber, so far from being demolished, remains unaltered in all its essential parts."

The work contains several etchings of designs in the "Gothic style" of architecture, for the improvement of the buildings about Westminster Hall, which, happily for Mr. Soane's reputation, have not been adopted; for the "Gothic style" is not Mr. Soane's forte. There is also, amongst others, a design for a national monument, forming the western entrance into London—"an effort to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,'" and "to combine together the classical simplicity of the Grecian architecture, the magnificence of the Roman, and the richly varied effects so strongly marked in our ancient ecclesiastical structures." This design is more in the manner of the artist's earlier productions, though not so high in our estimation as many of those splendid performances. On the whole, we consider Mr. Soane to have been cramped by many difficulties, even more than usually attend the execution of public works; and if we must, as holding some differences in taste, disapprove of parts of his erections, we cannot withhold from him the praise of having done much to adorn the metropolis of Britain. His imagination is perhaps too magnificent for a calculating and commercial people, and the interference which this causes must often mar the noblest projects. At any rate, we are satisfied by the present statement, that he has been blamed for faults for which he is not justly amenable; has been controlled and stopped before his labours were fairly finished; and sometimes made a scape-goat for official offenders and intermeddling dabblers, with their friends and partisans.

*A Universal Prayer; Death; a Vision of Heaven; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity." Third edition, with additions. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1829. Maunder.*

THESE is something pleasant in prophecy; and if, as Rochefoucault says, we would rather that the heaviest misfortunes befall our dearest friends, than not have our predictions verified,—if so for evil, let us, for the credit of human nature, hope still more so for good: and in this spirit we rejoice to see the public approval thus united with our own. Let any one, for a single month, read through the little hot-pressed volumes which load our table, and he will learn whether we ought not to appreciate any thing like originality of imagery, or truth of feeling. With many faults,—a diction often too turgid, a little tendency to generalise,—Montgomery has the spirit of true poetry in him; for what are such expressions as the following but poetry? For instance, where he speaks of the breezes after a tempest, "panting and wild, like children of the storm;" or the parting sailor, who "looks the promise love has often said;" or,

"When from the fluted organ, full and deep,  
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep."

And again—

"Those sweet stars that, like familiar eyes,  
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies;"  
or speaking of a mother, "the fondness in thy  
fear": the one touch in his description of an earthquake—

"On their bowing trees  
The leaves hung shuddering;"

and the streams that

"Shyly roll themselves away,  
Like serpents in the sun."

These are surely touches from a poet's hand. We have only room for one eloquent burst of personal feeling.

"Nor—glory to the Power that tames the heart  
Unto the spirit of the time!—are all  
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot:  
The meditative walk by wood or mead,  
The lull of streams, and language of the stars,  
Heard in the heart alone—the bosom-life  
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,  
Is still to be enjoy'd, and hallow'd with  
The feelings flowing from a better world.

"I sing of Death: yet soon, perchance, may be  
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years  
Have with'd since my pilgrimage began,  
And I look back upon my boyish days  
With muchal joy: for many a hand'rs do,  
With eye reverent, from some lofty hill,  
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below.—  
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed  
My soul have work'd themselves away; and then,  
Eternal Spirit! take me to Thy home;  
For when a child I shaped inspiring dreams,  
And nourish'd aspirations that awoke  
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face  
Of Nature; from a child I learn'd to reap  
A harvest of sweet thoughts for future years.

How oft,—be witness, Guardian of our days!  
In noons of young delight, while o'er the down,  
Humming like bees, my happy playmates roamed,  
I loved on high and hoary crag to muse,  
And round the landscape with delighted eye:  
The sky besprinkled o'er with rainbow hues,  
As if angelic wings had wond'nt'd there;  
The distanced city cap'd with hazy towers;  
And river shily roaming by its banks  
Of green repose,—together with the play  
Of elfin music on the fresh-wing'd air.—  
Entranced with these, how often have I glow'd  
With thoughts that panted to be eloquent,  
Yet only ventured forth in tears!

And now,  
Though haply mellow'd by correcting time,  
I thank thee, Heaven! that the bereaving world  
Hath not diminish'd the subliming hopes  
Of youth in manhood's more imposing cares.  
Nor tried the cup nor princely mansions swell  
The cloud of envy or the heart; for these  
Are oft deusive, though aduised: but when  
The Spirit speaks, or beauty from the sky  
Descends into my being—when I hear  
The storm-hymns of the mighty ocean roll,  
Or thunder sound, the champion of the storm!—  
Then feel I envy for immortal words.  
The rush of living thought; then I long  
To dash my feelings into deathless verse,  
That mayeminute to unborn time,  
And tell some lofty soul how I have lived  
A worshipper of Nature and of Thee!"

We must say of Mr. Montgomery, and it in his most encouraging praise, that we think him capable of much more than he has done: he has feelings that require to be cultivated by thoughts,—there are high models for him to emulate, and a store of years that may be sown for golden harvest;—and our parting advice is, "While we commend you for the present, let your own hopes dwell upon the future,—for futurity is the poet's best heritage."

#### CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

(Second Notice.)

As we proposed to return more than once to this entertaining and characteristic volume, (though disfigured, as we said, by a few freedoms not consistent with modern feelings,) we renew our miscellaneous task with quoting a letter, full of originality, from the celebrated and witty Sir Charles Sedley.

"My lord,—When your lordship was last in town, you made mee an offer of some venison, which I did not then lay hold off, having no occasion, neither was it then in season; but now I would thank you for a warrant for a buck; tho' the town is so empty, that with all my bowling, tennis, drinking, and other general acquaintance, I shall have much a doe to find company for a pasty: besides, the distinction of Whigg and Tory doth much add to the present desolation. They are in my opinion (at least, the violent part on both sides) much of the same stuff at bottom, since they are so easily converted one in to an other—I

mean self-interest. For instance, the Lord Sunderland, upon the Dutches of Portmouth's arrivall, is received at court. The Lord Anglesey was voted a libellour, and his boock against the Duke of Ormond a libell at the councill; so that tis thought he will be three quarters Whigg. The Lord Vaughan is this week to be marry'd to the Lady Anne Savile, notwithstanding he voted her father an enemy to king and country last sessions. Tho' wee are not blest with poets that can write us comedys equal to the amtiants, I beleive never was an age so comicall as this; and a laugher, where ever he turns himself, will have occasion to hold his sides. Madame de Soyssons is arrived, whom the Lord Crates (were he alive) would call Madame de Soyxante—for she is ten years older than her sister Mazarin; but whether our court will have her a beauty, a mis, a wit, or pollition, is not yet known. Ruinous play is grown the only diversion at Windsor; and a man without a thousand guineas to venture is an ass; and, on the contrary, as it has ever been the custome of people of quality that had infirmities to introduce fashions that might hide them, see they now cover their want of sense and conversation with extravagant play. Some considerable removes are to be made at court; but what they are your lordship cannot but know before mee, so I will not trouble you with my conjectures. I could almost wish England were not so large, that it might fall within my diocese to visit your lordship—for I know no man I would speak more freely to, nor more willing hear, than your lordship, being, without compliment or any regard to the common close of a letter, your very obedient servant,—C. S."

But not the least remarkable portion of the volume before us, is Lord Chesterfield's correspondence with Mrs. Villiers, afterwards the celebrated mistress of Charles II., Duchess of Cleveland, and the progenitrix of several of our noble families.\* They afford a strange

\* "Barbara, daughter of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland. She was married shortly previous to the Restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq., a papist, the heir to an ample fortune. It is evident from the letters in the present publication, wherein she is repeatedly and warmly addressed as 'Mrs. Villiers,' that the Earl of Chesterfield was most intimate with her before her union with Mr. Palmer, to whom she advertises with marked aversion or contempt in a letter in this collection. At all events, the manuscript from which these papers are collated, furnishes intelligible proof of their voluptuous intimacy, and in terms adapted to the glowing fervor of the subject. In the thirteenth year of Charles II. Mr. Palmer was created Earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland, and during her cohabitation with her husband, she had a daughter, born in February 1661. This says Lord Dartmouth, was 'the late Countess of Sussex, whom the king adopted for his daughter, though Lord Castlemaine always looked upon her to be his, and left her his estate when he died; but she was generally understood to belong to another, the old Earl of Chesterfield, whom she resembled very much both in face and person.' Shortly after the creation of Lord Castlemaine, she openly became the mistress of the king, and was, as Burnet says, 'his first and longest mistress.' Her infidelities were numerous and flagrant, nor were they unknown to Charles, and at a time too when, according to the laws of their immoral intercourse, he might have claimed her temporary confinement. In the year 1670, she was created Baroness of Nonnach, in Surrey; Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and third sons, and their heirs male. In 1679, she was entituled of a daughter, supposed to be by Mr. Churchill, the illustrious Duke of Marlborough, which progeny the king disclaimed. Her children by Charles were, 1. Charles Fitzroy, born 1669, created 1673 Duke of Southampton, and after his mother's death Duke of Cleveland. 2. Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, born Sept. 20, 1663, and killed Oct. 9, 1690, at the siege of Cork. 3. George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, born Dec. 28, 1665, who died without issue. 4. Charlotte Fitzroy, born Sept. 5, 1664, married Feb. 20, 1676-7, to Sir Edward Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield. 5. Barbara Fitzroy, born July 16, 1673, who became a nun, at Pontaise, in France. (Anne Fitzroy, whom Charles adopted, but who, according to the Earl of Dartmouth, was supposed to be the daughter of Lord Chesterfield, the author of the greater part of this collection,

example of the open profligacy of these good old times, which, like the dissolute period of Louis XV. paved the way for change and revolution. The following are letters from Mrs. V. to Chesterfield, in 1657.

"My Lord,—I would fain have had the happiness to have seen you at church this day, but I was not suffered to goe. I am never so well pleased as when I am with you, though I find you are better when you are with other ladyes; for you were yesterday all the afternoone with the person I am most jealous of, and I know I have so little merit that I am suspitions you love all women better than my selfe. I sent you yesterday a letter that I think might convince you that I loved nothing besides your selfe, nor will I ever, though you should hate mee; but if you should, I would never give you the trouble of telling you how much I loved you, but keep it to my selfe till it had broke my hart. I will importune you no longer than to say, that I am, and will ever be, your constant and faithfull humble servant."

"My Lord,—I doe highly regret my own misfortune of being out of town, since it made mee uncapable of the honour you intended me. I assure you nothing is likelier to make mee sett to high rate of my selfe, than the esteem you are pleased to say you have for mee. You cannot bestow your favours and obligations on any that has a more patiotan resentment of them, nor can they ever of any receive a more sincere reception than from, my lord, your—"

The next is a still more extraordinary sample of joint intrigue: it is from Lady Ann Hambleton\* and Mrs. Villiers together.

"My Lord,—My friend and I are just now abed together, a contriving how to have your company this afternoone. If you deserve this favour, you will come and seek us at Ludgate Hill, about three a clock, at Butler's shop, where we will expect you: but least we should

Further light accrues from the following correspondence.

"My Lord,—I came just now from the Dutches of Hambleton, and there I found, to my great affliction, that the Lady Ann was sent to Windsor, and the world sayes that you are the occasion of it. I am sorry to hear that the having a kindness for you is so great a crime that people are to suffer for it; the only satisfaction that one doth receive, is, that their cause is so glorious, that it is sufficient to preserve a tranquillity of mind, that all their malice can never discompose. I see that the

tion, was born on Feb. 29, 1661, and married in 1674 to Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex.) In July 1670, her husband Roger Palmer died, when she married a person of desperate condition, known as 'Handsome Fielding,' from whom she suffered a severe and brutal treatment, and was eventually protected by the law. A droppu put a period to her life, on the 9th Oct. 1679, in the sixtieth year of her age. It is impossible to fancy a career of more distinguished profligacy than that of this abandoned and voluptuous woman."

Pepys notices the indecency of her public behaviour: Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, was openly said to be one of her paramours.

\* "Anne, daughter of William, fourth Marquess, and second Duke of Hamilton. His grace married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of James, Earl of Dirleton, by whom he had a son, who died in infancy, and five daughters: the Duke had mortally wounded in the battle of Worcester. Anne, his above-mentioned daughter, was married to Robert Care, Earl of Southesk. It is obvious from the joint letter of herself and Mrs. Villars, that a familiar intimacy existed between them: engendered no doubt by their congeniality of dispositions." This intercourse led to the obscene fact which is mentioned in Burnet, and is now to be found in the Memoirs of Grammont also; from many editions of which it had been decently withheld, but was restored again to publicity in that of Strawberry-hill of 1772, which the fastidious Walpole offers to the Marquise du Deffand, "comme un monument de son amitie, de son admiration, et de son respect!"

fates were resolved to make mee happier than I could expect, for when I came home I found a letter that came from your lordship, which makes mee believe that amoungst the pleasures you receive in the place where you are, which I hear affords great plenty of fine ladyes, you sometimes think of her who is, &c."

" My Lord.—The joy I had of being with you the last night, has made mee do nothing but dream of you, and my life is never pleasant to mee but when I am with you or talking of you; yet the discourses of the world must make mee a little more circumspect; therefore I desir you not to come to morrow, but to stay till the party be come to town. I will not fail to meet you on Saturday morning, till when I remaine your humble servant."

It is curious to remark the different tone of the profligate of a century and a half ago, and of the present day. Now it is the oath of constancy to one, and one alone, that is thought a plea and recommendation; then, it was the braggardism and boast of success with several or many that seem to have constituted the supreme gallant or victorious lady. Witness the foregoing on the female side, and on the male side the subjoined, from Chesterfield to Lady A. Hamilton.

" Madam.—Soon after your ladyship's departure, I came to town, and went to the Park and Spring Garden, just as some doe to Westminster to see those monuments that have contained such great and lovely persons. Seriously, madam, I may well make the comparison, since you, that were the soul of this little world, have carried all the life of it with you, and left us so dull, that I have quite left of the making love to five or six at a time, and doe wholy content myself with the being as much as is possible, &c."

No wonder that the dissoluteness of the one sex kept pace with the flaring depravity of the other. But we pass to 1659—two years; Mrs. Villiers being now Mrs. Palmer, to whom his lordship writes " when she was very ill of the small-pox."

" My dear Life,—I have been this day extreamly ill, and the not hearing from you hath made mee much worse then otherwais I should have been. The doctor doth believe mee in a desperat condition, and I must confess, that the unwillingness I have to leave you, makes mee not intartaine the thoughts of death so willingly as otherwais I should; for there is nothing besides yourself that could make mee desire to live a day; and, if I am never so happy as to see you more, yet the last words I will say shall be a praise for your happiness, and so I will live and dye loving you above all other things, who am, &c." \*

" Madam,—I will not believe that you are not well, for the certain newse of your being sick would infallibly make mee so; and I doe not find myself yet fit for another world. Besides, I am confident that if I did goe to heaven before you, I should want something there till you came; and, therefore, pray send mee word that you are in perfect health, and be not so unjust both to yourself and mee, as to tell me any more that I doe flatter you; for I was never guilty of that vice, and doe know that it is much harder to speak those truths which you deserve, than to flatter any body else; and therefore I will only say that I am, &c."

But the lady becomes a duchess, and the love-story draws to its end, as it must always do where there is no foundation in constant affection. In 1661, the once-favoured lover is found thus complaining:—

" Madam,—After so many years service, fidelity, and respect, to be banished for the first offence, is very hard, especially after my asking so many pardons. If Heaven with you should be as rigorous as you are with mee, I doubt you never would see it, but in your glasse: therefore use mee as you doe your domestics, that is, blame mee for the first fault, and if I do not mend, turn away your very humble servant, &c." \*

" Madam,—Let mee not live, if I did believe that all the women on earth could have given mee so great an affliction as I have suffer'd by your displeasure. Tis tru, I ever loved you as one should doe heaven, that is, more than the world; but I never thought you would have sent mee there before my time; I confess I have alwayes found you so just, and so apt to excuse the faults of your freinds, that I had rather be condemned to loose the light than your kindness; but therefore doe not suffer one to perish, who desires only to live upon your account. Besides, naturally I hate dying, and it is one of the last things I would willingly doe to shew my passion; yet, if you will neither answer my letters, nor speak to mee before I goe out of town, it is more than an even lay that I shall never come into it againe; and then above three parts of all the love that mankind has for you, will be lost in, &c."

After this we hear no more of the correspondence,—which we have quoted thus at length, as throwing light upon the important and moving historical figures of a very strange and vicious era.

*The Legendary; consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Manners, and Scenery.* Edited by N. P. Willis. London, 1828, R. J. Kennett; Boston, S. G. Goodrich.

THERE is a great deal of talent in this volume, especially in the prose, which in America has taken a more national character than its poetry has hitherto done. The new imagery, the new associations, the strongly marked minds of his own country,—these should be the mines of an American writer; and a store of rich material do they indeed present. Like Antaeus, his strength will be in touching his mother earth. The contents of the *Legendary* are unequal; yet Elizabeth Latimer, the Step-mother, and the Camp Meeting, are original and interesting tales: but the following short sketch will, from its length, best suit our columns.

" Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a 'half breed,' and like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full-blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father as allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favour of the United States, in the dissensions among the Creek nation; and, after the breaking out of war, in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved, by his activity, of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief; and Riley's name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people, honoured with the

thanks of his 'great father,' and sat down to cultivate his fields and pursue the chase, as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoting himself to his one wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy. About this time the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the West. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure; and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well-known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries. Of this class was L——. I knew him formerly, and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness, and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him; and 'eyes unused to weep' glistened in bidding 'God speed!' to their old associate. L—— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage, and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot upon which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L—— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to ston for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always control his passions before their out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L—— was treasured up by Riley with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet, too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions, and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements. The story of L——'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe, but simple—'blood for blood'—and he 'might run who read them.' On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them. ' Fathers!' said he, ' I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me, and I slew him. That honour which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live.

My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him. Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death-song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unapalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backward so composedly, as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins now mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe; she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband."

Leaves from a Colleger's Album has a quaintness and cleverness about it, that makes us expect its author will do much more: it is by the editor, Mr. N. P. Willis, who is also the best of the poetical contributors; and, altogether, this is a work that well deserves to be continued.\*

\* While on the subject of Transatlantic literature, we cannot deny our European readers the amusement of an extract from a recent newspaper called "The Trenton True American." It is entitled, "Our New Country," and is certainly one of the grandest displays of the sublime style which we ever read. "The West begins to blossom with improvements. Canals in perspective Illinois are planning, rivers are clearing, and that state, lately a wilderness, is now on the march to prosperity, greatness, and wealth. Civilised man, who but recently usurped the haunts of the tawny sons of the forest, feels and asserts the proud pre-eminence of his destiny, and looks around him, instead of the clouds, over the winking wilderness, with an eye brightening into joy at the rapid progression of enterprise and exertion. Indiana, too, catching the noble contagion, is moving with majestic strides in the highway of improvement, and is big with animation at the brilliant prospects which brighten into reality before her. Ohio is already one of the greatest among her sisters of the confederacy; and her gigantic undertakings already carrying on, and soon to be completed, mark her out as a star whose brilliant orb no aster of fortune can obscure. The West is fast becoming the theatre of empire and power. The Mississippi presents no sufficient obstacle to the rush of improvement towards 'the setting sun.' Missouri is on the move to greatness in population, prosperity, and wealth. The mighty rivers that roll their waters through her wide domains, wash the settlements of a people who have risen with the flood of a Hercules from the weakness of infancy, to the full strength of sturdy manhood. The Rocky Mountains will soon fill their lengthened shadows over a swelling population, with living beings; and towns and cities will lift their spires towards heaven, where now the lofty forests wave their branches. Farther south, Arkansas will soon become a state; her race of glory is already beginning to be run. Further north, Michigan is spreading her arms of empire far and wide, and lakes are about to be married to lakes by the force of invincible enterprise; that territory will also soon become a state. Huron, too, stretching still farther to the north and west, is about to receive a territorial government, and commence its civilised career. The war-whoop there will soon cease; savage haunts will be broken up; the red man will but little longer inspire the white man with dread. In little more than half a century one hundred millions of souls of white men will throng this last great empire of civilised men. The future grandeur of this American empire no prescience can foretell. Prophecy is impotent in tracing out its greatness; and should no unforeseen, no unanticipated evil befall it, the American

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.* By J. A. Sargent. 12mo. pp. 288. London, 1829. Hurst and Chance.

THE Life of Cranmer is a subject on which the best and most learned reasoner would venture with caution. Independently of the high and momentous objects which his career presents, there are many points in the conduct and character of the primate which must be carefully weighed in any respectable memoir of his life, and without the due examination of which it would be failing in its most important parts. In the case of Cranmer, it is impossible to write of him except as a controversialist, and we are hence doubtful of the propriety of treating his biography in so slight a manner as in this little volume. It is, however, ingeniously written as a popular work; but great and most important particulars are passed over in so rapid a way, and the strain of eulogy is so uniform, that we must give the author more praise for the diction and easy style than for the matter of this production.

*P. Virgilii Maronis Bucolica et Georgica; with Notes* by J. Martyn, F.R.S. Plates. Oxford, 1829. Vincent.

MR. MARTYN, we believe, was among the first men who made the brilliant discovery, that even the classical authors, if not understood, might be read without profit. His edition of the Georgics, with notes, was the result of this opinion; and though it has now been long published, it deserves to be regarded as a very useful little work. The present edition is still more adapted than the original one for the purposes Mr. Martyn had in view when he prepared it for the press. Many of the notes which he appended were calculated rather to weary than to incite the student to activity. These have been shortened; and an appendix is given, containing explanations of the most difficult words which occur in the Bucolics and Georgics. It is altogether a useful and meritorious little work.

*Tales of Field and Flood.* By J. Malcolm. 12mo. pp. 329. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

*Tales of a Physician.* By A. Harrison. London, Jennings.

THE same opinion will apply to both these little volumes—they are graceful in language, but want originality and interest; displaying cultivated taste, rather than inventive talent.

*Vallery; or, the Citadel of the Lake.* By Charles Doyne Sillery. 2 vols.

*Portraits of the Dead.* By C. H. Deakin. London, Marsh.

*The African.* D. Moore.

*The Vision of Nourredin.* By Sforza. 12mo. pp. 192. Hurst and Chance.

THE immense number of little hot-pressed volumes that are now swarming like bees on their musical wings, must excuse this somewhat summary mode of passing them in review. Of all the works above mentioned, there is not one that does not possess some merit; and there is considerable taste, elegance of expression, and harmony, in many of their pages.

banner will proudly float from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over ten thousand cities, and its only barrier be the world's everlasting waves. The kingdoms and empires of Earth, dissolved of the gorgoness of their past greatness, will dwindle into atoms by the side of this great republic. Their day of glory has passed; like Troy, 'they have been.' While the American empire, glowing as brilliantly as the temple of the sun, shall be the favourite star of heaven. Its history will terminate only when time shall cease, and the story of its greatness and its fame will be told in eternity!!!!

But want of originality is their besetting sin: one catches up sword and shield, and follows Scott;—Byron, Moore, Hemans, L. E. L., &c. are the poetical godfathers and godmothers of others;—all find their inspiration in some favourite author—not in their own hearts and minds; and hence comparative failure, oblivion, and disappointment, where fifty years ago, when poetry was less prolific, success, fame, and applause, would have been the result. There is a fine and characteristic anecdote of Sir Walter Scott in the literary circles. Speaking of modern poets one day to Moore, the great northern Magician said pleasantly to the Lyrist of Erin—“I'll tell you what—it is well for us we made our reputations in time!”

*D'Erebine; or, the Cynic.* 3 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE veriest trash that ever attempted to depict fashionable life, of which its author is evidently ignorant; and the endeavour at romantic incident is as tiresome as it is improbable.

*Jesuitism and Methodism.* 2 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

ONE of those books written for the sake of a popular title, and falling in with the prejudices of the period;—a bad specimen of a bad class, and, in a literary point of view, unworthy of notice.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, June 5th.—It may probably be remembered, that amongst the enterprising travellers who have ascended Mont Blanc, the names of Dr. Clarke and Captain Sherwell are to be found. These gentlemen made their successful attempt in August 1825.

On this evening a very full audience was delighted by a *viva voce* account of the ascent of Mont Blanc from Dr. Clarke. It was given with great freedom and spirit, and accompanied with excellent illustrations, consisting of paintings, drawings, models, specimens of the instruments used in the ascent, and of the rocks and plants of the mount and its neighbourhood; and conveyed an idea, perhaps, only less vivid than that which is to be obtained on the spot itself.

The Dr. described the particular nature of the fatigue, hazard, and casualties, incurred during the ascent; spoke of the impropriety of many of the precautions and provisions usually made for that end; and of others, by neglecting which, certain destruction awaited the traveller. This position he illustrated by referring to the melancholy case of three persons who attempted to reach the summit in the season of 1822, but, disregarding the instructions and entreaties of the guides, (who, by the by, frequently and freely ran great risk of their lives,) tumbled headlong down a snowy chasm of immeasurable depth. Of the bodies of these unfortunate individuals, Dr. Clarke observed, that it was highly probable they were now making their way through the heart of the snow and ice of Mont Blanc, and doubtless would one day be discovered, possessing all that ruddy glow of countenance which was the distinguishing mark of living persons in that part of the world. The lecturer particularly cautioned those of an apoplectic tendency against making an attempt to ascend, —the great rarefaction of the air increasing those symptoms to an alarming extent.

An interesting geological, mineralogical, and botanical collection was upon the lecture-table;

an exceedingly choice specimen of the *ansonia*, a butterfly which is seen to sit over the top of Mont Blanc, was much admired. It is to be hoped that Dr. Clarke will, on some future evening in the ensuing session, detail the circumstances and peculiarities of his descent;—during the present one it was enough for him to reach the top.

Amongst the objects on the library-table was an ancient Arabian astrolabe, which we understand will be the subject of investigation by some literary and scientific men;—it has already been partially examined, and is considered to be extremely curious.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 19th.—Various experiments on the durability of granite and whinstone pavement were adduced by Mr. Walker, as a sequel to his paper on stone railways. Specimens of different qualities were so disposed as to undergo the traffic of the road between the West India Docks and the city; and after a trial of some months during last winter, a trifling loss of weight was the only observable change. Guernsey granite thus proved, was found superior to the Aberdeen granite and the Northumberland whinstone.

Mr. Wood stated the comparative wear of malleable and cast-iron rails, occurring in his experience at the Keningworth colliery. Mr. Cottam explained the advantage of malleable rails to consist in the texture of the metal, which is composed of longitudinal fibres, and therefore is more adapted to the strain and friction of tram wheels, than the uncertain crystallised grain of the cast-iron.

A model of a crane, which has been successfully applied in the repairs of harbour jetties at Wick, in Caithness, was presented to the Institution by the president, in the name of Mr. Bremner.

May 25th.—The question, "Can any sections be obtained of the strata sunk through in boring for wells in and near the metropolis?" was selected for discussion. Mr. John Donkin and Mr. Gravatt gave a variety of sections obtained from borings at Isleworth and Greenwich, and in London. Mr. Mills described the strata near Croydon, where the water, from borings passed through the blue clay, overflows the surface at 150 feet above high water in the Thames. Mr. Simpson mentioned the process of boring, and accounted for a remarkable change of level in the wells at the bishop's palace, Fulham, where a junction of the upper and lower land-springs had taken place, the former of which is affected by the tide. Mr. Gibb detailed the mode of sinking iron cylinders by pile engines instead of boring.

A sufficient collection of facts to form a correct judgment of the strata which underly London, is the object of this question; and it is important to remark, from the observations already elicited, that a supply of water equivalent to the wants of even one\* district of the metropolis cannot be obtained from the water-bearing strata beneath the blue clay.

**SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.**  
A STATEMENT has been drawn up and circulated by Mr. Wright, to whom the inhabitants of the metropolis are so deeply indebted for his efforts to procure for them a supply of wholesome water, detailing the history of his proceedings, and the steps which the various water companies have already taken, or are preparing to take, to remedy the evil. "When

\* London is divided into eight districts under the present monopoly.

I first took up the subject," says Mr. Wright, "I had no conception that it would have demanded so large a portion of my time and attention; but, urged on by a conviction of its paramount importance, and by the great interest which it excited, I could not recede. It has, necessarily, interfered with my usual occupation—that of editor of 'Hansard's Parliamentary Debates'; but, whatever may have been the personal inconvenience with which it has been attended, I cannot lament that my time has been so diverted, believing, as I do, that the inevitable result will be, the speedy attainment, to the whole of the metropolis, of a pure supply of an element of life—the purity of which element has been justly pronounced to be 'almost equal in importance with the air we breathe.'"

Prefixed to Mr. Wright's "Statement" is the following honourable recommendation, signed by a number of the most distinguished professional men in London; among whom are Sir Henry Halford, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Everard Home, Dr. Paris, Dr. Turner, Dr. Bree, Dr. Merriman, Dr. Macmichael, Mr. Brodie, &c. It will certainly be but a bare act of justice on the part of the public to carry this recommendation into immediate effect:

"We, the undersigned, deeply impressed with a conviction of the value of Mr. Wright's zealous and successful exertions, during the last three years, to obtain for the metropolis the removal of a gross nuisance, and a supply of purer and more wholesome water, consider it to be our duty to call the attention of the inhabitants to the subjoined statement; and earnestly to recommend for their consideration the propriety of indemnifying him for the loss of time, and for the sacrifices which he has made for the attainment of an object so immediately connected with the comfort and health of so large a portion of his majesty's subjects."

#### FRENCH IRON.

It appears by an official inquiry lately made into the state of forges and furnaces in France, that the prohibitory system adopted in France in the year 1814, for the protection of the French manufacture from foreign competition, although it has increased the production of iron in that country, has not benefited the manufacturer; since the price of wood, which enters so largely into the forging and casting of iron, has undergone a corresponding increase. It also appears that the manufacture of iron by means of coals instead of wood is gaining ground in France, and threatens destruction to the latter process.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Hall's Atlas.* Part XIV

A PUBLICATION of which every new Part only calls for new praise. Now within three of completion, the present, containing the Eastern Hemisphere, Portugal, and Northern Africa, is eminently worthy of its precursors. The last, in particular, has some useful geographical additions.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, entitled "Experimental Examination of the Electric and Chemical Theories of Galvanism." By William Ritchie, A.M. F.R.S.

After shewing that the theory of galvanism originally proposed by Volta, and generally termed the electric theory, is still the universally received doctrine among continental philosophers, the author adduces several ex-

periments proving the fallacy of the principles on which that theory is founded. He points out the inconclusiveness of the reasoning by which it has been inferred, that dissimilar metals, by being simply placed in contact with one another, are instantly thrown into opposite electric states: for in all the experiments which have been made with a view of establishing this fundamental principle of the electric theory, the metals have been exposed to the oxidizing action of the air, which is a constant source of electric disturbance, and the operation of which has been strangely overlooked. The author found, by forming galvanic circles with two different metals and an interposed acid, that when he used different kinds of acid, or varied the degree of their dilution, the electro-magnetic effects, as measured by a delicate galvanometer, bear no sort of relation to the conducting power of the fluid, as is assumed in the voltaic hypothesis. He deduces the same conclusion from experiments made with an apparatus by which the fluid is confined in a rectangular box, divided by a membranous diaphragm into two compartments, so as to allow of the addition of an acid to the fluid contained in one of the compartments, and thereby limiting its action to one of the metallic surfaces. By means of another contrivance, the author ascertained, that of two different metals, the one which when acted upon by an acid combines with the greatest quantity of oxygen, as measured by the volume of hydrogen disengaged, is always positive with respect to the other metal. Even two pieces of the same metal, differing in hardness, will be acted upon by the same acid in different degrees, and may thus be brought into different states of electricity. In general it is the harder of the two pieces of metal which becomes positive; but with steel the reverse obtains. It would appear, however, that with the same pairs of metallic discs, the direction of the electric current is determined by the nature of the acid employed: thus nitrous acid, acting upon zinc, copper, or iron, gives rise to a current in a direction opposite to the current which is produced by the sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acids. Variations in the temperature of the metals will also occasion diversities in the results, not hitherto satisfactorily explained on any theory. From one experiment the author is led to infer, that an acid is capable of combining with a pure metal, without the latter being previously reduced to the state of an oxide.

#### NUMISMATICS: CELTIC REMAINS.\*

Paris, March 6, 1829.

YOU are aware that the class of coins called Gallique, from their extreme rudeness, and total absence of legend, have hitherto been the despair of all numismatists: I exclude, of course, those where two or three misshapen letters have given scope upon which to exercise the imagination. The coins I mean are totally devoid of any thing having the least pretensions to the respectable *conférerie* called the alphabet; but are usually known by a sort

\* For this interesting letter we are indebted to a friend whose own numismatic labours and discoveries, especially in the Anglo-Norman, &c. coins of our Henrys and Edwards, will soon form a remarkable epoch in the history of these curious documents of our early conquests and possessions in France. In a postscript he tells us of many important acquisitions he has lately made to his already unequalled collection, viz. seventeen of gold of Aquitaine, including an obole struck by Henry II., a gros of Henry V., and an obole of Edward III., *all unique*. The lights thrown upon general history by our esteemed friend's exertions, lead us to anticipate the volume, which he is liberally and handsomely preparing, with great impatience.—*Ed. L. G.*

of head, setting all "fair proportions" utterly at defiance; and on the reverse, a chariot, or rather wheel of a chariot, with a horse or two and a charioteer, whose whip is like a bunch of spring radishes. Of the Jehu you seldom see more than his head; but then his head is like head, shoulders, and body! The coins are in gold, silver, and copper, and the type of the reverse is taken both from Greek and Roman; the biga, tria, or quadriga, driven by Victory. This most discouraging department has found, in a friend of mine, a person determined to grapple with every difficulty. I know him to possess the requisite perseverance and knowledge, as well as ability. Of the first quality he has already given proof, for he has persevered in this uninviting study for several years, during which he has collected what ought to be called a warehouse of Celtic remains, rather than a cabinet. It consists of an immense quantity of implements and tools which that ancient people employed, mostly of stone (flint), before the use of copper and iron was known to them. Several utensils are of leather; and a prodigious number of their coins occupy a distinguished place in the *warehouse*. His work must throw new light on the history of the early possessors of the soil of France. But hear what he says himself: I will not disfigure his French by a translation. "Mon travail sur les Gaules sera, je vrais, d'un très grand intérêt pour les savans de toutes les nations. J'espère que j'ouvrirai une route inconnue, ou du moins que je l'indiquerai; car moi-même, je ne pourrai faire qu'un petit trajet sur cette nouvelle voie: je poserai de principes, j'en montrerai l'application par de nombreux détails; je présenterai quelques problèmes à résoudre; et je prouverai qu'en suivant le même chemin que moi, on finira par arriver à de grands résultats." It is a most important work, and the coins form only a division of the whole: it will be some time, however, before it appears. I need not conceal the learned author's name, although his intention in publishing is known to very few. It is M. De Mourcin, formerly a vice-president of the Celtic Society at Paris, a Fellow of many learned societies, and author of the second volume (a comely 4to.) sur les Antiquités de Vesone, (now Périgueux), and one or two approved works on antiquities.—I have read for the second time, with much pleasure, *L'histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normans, et de leurs Établissements en France*, two vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826, par M. Depping. The account of the Normans is most interesting; the first half of the first volume particularly so: and his state of the most ancient nations in the North, their origin, manners, traditions, and habits, is the best I have read. The Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, a very zealous and distinguished body, of which the venerable Abbé de la Rue is the head, lately sent the diploma of foreign associate to the admirable Sir Walter Scott, Drs. Brewster and Brunton, Thomas Thomson, Esq.—to whom all interested in the preservation and illustration of the ancient records in the Register House of Scotland, (of which he is the Deputy Lord Registrar), owe so much—and lastly, to E. Drummond Hay, Esq. the unwearied Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, of which the other eminent persons are office-bearers. This friendly feeling of the Norman society, I have reason to believe, will be met by a corresponding sentiment towards the office-bearers of the *Neustriens*, by transmitting the diplomas of the antiquaries of Caledonia.

#### THE PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

UPON an investigation of the system pursued in the six universities in the Prussian dominions, (*Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Greifswald, Halle, and Königsberg*), we have felt perfectly astounded at the lavish extent to which the professorial department is carried in most of these institutions. From four to six is the general limit of the ordinary professorships in other European universities, whether for the faculty of medicine or of philosophy: but sopatry an establishment would seem totally incomparable with the zeal of the Prussian ministry, or the presumed requirements of its subjects, if we are to judge of either from the subsequent facts. The "medical faculty" of the university of Berlin comprises *thirteen* ordinary and *nine* extraordinary professors, besides *thirteen* lecturers! And the "philosophical" corps musters *nineteen* ordinaries, *seventeen* extraordinaries, and *twelve* doctores legentes. This last alone exceeds the *entire* professorial establishments of either Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh; neither of which is altogether so abundantly supplied as the solitary faculty of *philosophy*, which enumerates twenty-seven professors and six lecturers at Halle, and twenty-four professors and three lecturers in the twelve-years-old university of Bonn! Some may say, *superflua non nocent*; but others will reply, with equal reason, "*onne nimium vertitur in vitium*." For our own parts, we opine that the higher powers in Prussia have lost sight of the Horatian prescription, "*Est modus in rebus, sicut certi denique fines*."

#### TYPGRAPHY.

LEIPZIG, the great Teutonic bazaar of typographers, book-makers, *et id genus omne*, contains two-and-twenty printing-establishments, which keep 128 presses and 549 mechanics and apprentices in an incessant state of activity, and annually consume 40,437,000 sheets of paper. These establishments afford occupation to at least 200 founders, copper-plate printers, and lithographers. The number of regular book-sellers amounts to 60; and 450 foreign establishments have their agents within its walls. The sale of books at the great fair during the three weeks at Easter has been estimated at 3,000,000 of dollars (460,000l.).

Christiansia, the Norwegian book-mart, possesses seven printers, three principal book-sellers, and one lithographic press.

The most northern library in Europe, or perhaps in the world, is at Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland. It contains about three thousand six hundred volumes; and a second is forming at Esekiorden, for the northern quarter of that island.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Sixth Notice)

No. 456. *Portrait of the Bishop of Jamaica*. C. W. Peplier.—The fine effect of this able portrait ought of itself to be enough to induce our other reverend prelates, and indeed all our other dignified persons, to abandon those absurd and hideous accumulations of horse-hair, grease, and dirt, called wigs.

No. 454. *Brigands disputing the Spoils of their Victim*. Collin.—A well-painted picture. The feud is evidently a deadly one. What a pleasant world would this soon become if all the rogues in it would thus engage in a war of extermination!

No. 462. *Portraits of two young Gentlemen*. W. Bagg.—Graceful and energetic.

No. 449. *Sylvan Festivities*. Rev. T. J.

Judkin, H.—There is a great deal of glitter in this classical composition; but it also manifests much talent.

No. 455. *Portrait of Mrs. Locke, sen.* Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—How, in the present age of wear and tear to health and complexion, has this venerable lady contrived to retain the clear and florid hues of youth? There is so much of apparent truth and reality in the performance, that we are not inclined to think it the flattery of art.

No. 38. *Idlers*. T. S. Good; No. 212. *Gunpowder Plot*, T. Webster.—We take leave to be sometimes erratic in our course, and, before we descend to the lower apartments, we beg to introduce these two pictures, as cause and effect; for all must allow that idleness is but too frequently the suggester of mischief. The latter performance, the subject of which is, boys blowing up the apparatus of an old fruit-woman's stall, is so completely in the spirit of Mr. Webster's former works, that it confirms us in the opinion which we some time ago took the liberty of expressing of his own juvenile disposition. Nothing of that sort can be inferred from the other picture: as a man, it is evident that the artist is good; and we have no doubt that he was a good boy. There is great talent in both these entertaining productions.

We now proceed to the miscellaneous assemblage in the antique Academy, where oil and water-colours unite, as far as light and situation will permit, to attract attention. We say "as far as light and situation will permit;" for, in several cases, so unfavourable are these circumstances, that some of the works exhibited might just as well be hung with their faces to the wall. As a striking instance of utter disregard, on this point, of the feelings of the artist, and of the character of the subject, we may point out

No. 577. *Portrait of Robert Montgomery, Esq., author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c.* W. Hobday.—That at some future day Mr. Montgomery's effigy may decorate the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, no one who has read the beautiful works which he has already produced can doubt; but there is a wide difference between that resplendent corner, and the miserable corner into which Mr. Hobday's clever and characteristic portrait has been thrust,—a corner, in which the little light that enters, enters only to destroy. This is really great injustice on the part of those whose duty it is to discriminate, and to render to merit the attention to which it is entitled.

A similar remark is applicable to No. 512. *Portrait of A. T. Wainwright, Esq.* J. Wood; No. 521. *Portrait of Campbell Riddell, Esq.* J. Partridge; No. 525. *Portrait of T. G. Street, Esq.* J. Simpson; No. 535. *Portrait of Marquess Clanricarde*, J. Lonsdale; No. 554. *Portrait of Francis Danby, Esq. A.* J. King; No. 584. *Portrait of J. Taylor, Esq.* J. Lonsdale; and No. 592. *Portrait of John Parker, Esq.* T. Woodward. These are all very clever portraits, and well entitled to much better situations than they occupy.

Of paintings which come under the class of works of imagination, there are but few in this room. No. 595, by H. Corbould, is pretty and sentimental; No. 611. *Young Swiss Peasants crossing a River*, W. Foy, a very pleasing performance.

No. 594. *Dead Game*. A. J. Oliver, A.—We have before spoken of Mr. Oliver's talents in still-life. This is an additional specimen of them.

No. 587. *Going to the Well*, C. Horn, is an

exceedingly well-treated rustic group, but hung too low for convenient inspection. No. 607. *Portrait of an Artist*, H. Room, is, on the other hand, hung too high for its merits: the effect is admirable.

No. 488. *Henry Bone, Esq., R.A.*, and No. 489. *The late John Flaxman, Esq., R.A.*, both enamelled by H. Bone, R.A., after pictures by John Jackson, Esq., R.A., are very beautiful productions.

No. 505. *Portrait of Mrs. Damaresq*; No. 613. *Portrait of Miss Gordon*; and No. 605. *Portrait of Mdlle. Sonay*; all by A. E. Charlton, R.A., are eminently elegant and attractive drawings.

No. 503. *Head of a Child from Nature*; and No. 507. *Portrait of a Lady*; by R. J. Lane, A.E.—Full of the taste which always pervades Mr. Lane's works. The execution is singularly curious, and finished so as almost to defy scrutiny.

No. 439. *Portrait of Miss Georgiana Ward*. Miss L. Sharpe.—Again we ask, why is this exquisite drawing, which deserved to be made a leading feature among the best of its class, placed so miserably?

No. 601. *An enraged Hound*. J. F. Lewis.—A very spirited representation of a very spirited animal; provoked, we conjecture, for the purpose of study;—rather a hazardous experiment.

Fruit, flowers, and birds, pour their rich tints in profusion upon the sight from various parts of this room. We are unable to do justice to all; and can only select as among those most entitled to admiration, No. 564. *Fruit*, and No. 567. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mrs. D. Dighton; No. 566. *Different Species of Cactus, from Nature*, E. D. Smith; No. 565. *Foreign Birds, from Mr. Ledbitter's collection*, A. Peltier; No. 566. *Flowers and Fruit*, Mrs. Pope; No. 549. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mme. de Comolera; No. 560. *Roses from Nature*, Miss Cecilia Gandy; No. 622. *Flowers and Fruit*, Mrs. Withers; No. 639. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mme. Eline Robin; and No. 614. *Group of Holly-hocks, &c. from Nature*, V. Bartholomew. The last-mentioned is an extraordinary specimen of brilliancy of colour, and power of execution.

#### BRITISH GALLERY.

THE splendid "Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English Schools," which was opened to public view on Tuesday last, affords an additional proof of the almost inexhaustible stores of art in this country; stores which, if they could be accumulated, would undoubtedly constitute the most magnificent and valuable national gallery in the world. As we have observed on former occasions,—but it is an acknowledgment which cannot be too frequently repeated,—the public are deeply indebted to the liberal proprietors of these fine works, who thus deprive themselves for a time of their personal enjoyment, for the general gratification and advantage. On the merits of these beautiful productions, many of which are *chefs-d'œuvre*, it would be easy and delightful to expatiate, were it not that, under the circumstances in which they have been brought together and exhibited, we do not consider them to be the legitimate subjects of critical remark. Some notion, however, may be formed of the quality of the collection, when we state that it consists of the works of Netscher, Teniers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cuyp, Vanderve, Both, Polemburgh, Rembrandt, Vandervelde, A. Ostade, Garofalo, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Le Sueur, Ruyssael, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, J. da Imola, Claude, Wouverman, John

Wouverman, A. Sacchi, A. Caracci, Vanderhoer, Metzu, Vander Heiden, Watteau, Terburg, Hobbema, Bourgognone, Vander Helst, Rubens, Camilli Provacini, De Witt, G. C. Provacini, Paul Veronese, Fran. Mola, Le Nain, Seb. Bourdon, Carlo Dolce, Spagniello, Bergheem, Moucheron, A. Vandeveld, Hondekoeter, G. Poussin, P. da Cortona, Gainsborough, Gerard Douw, Guardi, L. Caracci, Titian, Mieris, Vander Meulen, Canaletti, Bassan, P. da Hooge, Tintoretto, Maas, Liniebach, Carlo Maratti, Fran. Halls, Velasquez, Cavaliere d'Arpino, Guido, Schiavone, Raphael, Luca Giordano, Diericq, Sir Peter Lely, Wren, Isaac Moucheron, Gonzalez, Pynacker, Guercino, M. Zorg, Swaneveldt, Vander Capella, Pordenone, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Corregio, Scipio Gaetano, and Gyselles. The number of pictures is 194. Of these, His Majesty has contributed 13; the British Institution 2; W. Wells, Esq. 9; Earl Brownlow 4; A. Baring, Esq. 6; Lord Wharncliffe 5; A. W. Robarts, Esq. 3; C. Dixon, Esq. 4; G. J. Cholmondeley, Esq. 4; Duke of Buccleuch 16; Sir S. H. Clarke, Bart. 2; C. A. Bredel, Esq. 3; M. M. Zalchary, Esq. 5; Right Hon. R. Peel, 2; Earl of Caledon 4; W. Wilkins, Esq. 7; Earl of Mulgrave 4; Viscountess Cremona 3; J. Wardrop, Esq. 1; F. B. Morland, Esq. 1; H. Rogers, Esq. 3; J. Barchard, Esq. 1; Duke of Wellington 5; F. Perkins, Esq. 2; Hon. G. Agar Ellis 7; Sir R. Frederick, Bart. 7; Marquess of Lansdowne 3; H. Howard, Esq. 1; Sir A. Hume, Bart. 7; G. W. Taylor, Esq. 1; N. W. R. Colborne, Esq. 3; Earl Howe 1; J. Fairlie, Esq. 2; Earl of Hardwicke 3; Marquess of Aylesbury 1; Earl Grosvenor 1; Colonel H. Baillie 2; H. Barnes, Esq. 2; Earl of Carlisle 5; W. Collins, Esq. 1; T. Hamlet, Esq. 3; Earl of Oxford 1; W. Hastings, Esq. 2; Sir W. Gomm 2; Earl of Plymouth 2; Lady Holland 1; Earl of Darnley 4; Lord Holland 1; Sir J. R. Reid, Bart. 1; Lord Heytesbury 3; Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart. 4; Earl of Tyrconnel 1; G. Wilbraham, Esq. 4; C. B. Wall, Esq. 1; Sir W. Beechey 1; T. Jones, Esq. 1; H. Briggs, Esq. 1; R. Palmer, Esq. 1; J. P. Anderdon, Esq. 1; Hon. Heneage Legge 1; and Sir J. Stewart, Bart. 1.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain.* Drawn and described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No. II. Ackermann.

WHEN it is considered how laborious a task it must be to produce the multiplied drawings which illustrate this beautiful and interesting publication, it is not surprising that so long a period has elapsed since we announced the appearance of the first No. The present No., like its predecessor, does Mrs. Bowdich's taste and industry the highest credit. The drawings, which are of the perch, the chub, the common eel, and the minnow, have a brilliancy and a truth in them which we have rarely seen equalled, and never surpassed; and the descriptions, both scientific and general, are very satisfactory.

*Fisher's Illustrations of England*, Nos. VI. and VII.; *Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland*, No. IV.

THE plates in the two Numbers of the English work are "Speke Hall," "Hale Hall," "the House in which William Roscoe, Esq. was born, Mount Pleasant;" "Liverpool Royal Institution;" "Childwall Abbey," "Wavertree Hall," "County House of Correction, Kirk-

dale," and "Sessions House, Kirkdale." The plates in the No. of the Irish work are the "Vice-Regal Lodge, Phoenix Park;" "Terenure, co. Dublin;" the "King's Bridge, Dublin, West View;" and the "King's Bridge, Dublin, East View." They are all very pleasingly designed and engraved.

*Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities.* By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L. &c. No. III. Longman and Co.

JUDGING from the beauty of the plates and other embellishments, this must be a very expensive publication; but the same cause ought eventually to remunerate, and no doubt will eventually remunerate, the spirited and indefatigable editor. There are in the present No. two Views in London, one in Bristol, one of Bath, one of, and one in Worcester, one in Salisbury, and two in Lincoln. They are all fine; but those of the magnificent Cathedral of Lincoln are transcendent, and make us envy Old Nick the prospect which proverbial tradition declares he is always enjoying:

"As sure as I look over Lincoln,  
That never shall happen which you think on."

Prior.

The woodcuts also, of which there are six, are highly picturesque, and are executed with singular skill.

*Lady Jane Gray importuned to accept the Crown.* Engraved in mezzotint by John Bromley, after the original painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Bowyer.

OUR remarks on this painting, in June 1827, will be found highly in commendation of the performance, as one exhibiting the talents of the artist to very great advantage, both in historical composition and in the truth and power of expression, in which the silent pleadings of the mother's look, and the reluctant consent of the daughter, are depicted with a skill that will not easily be surpassed. In spirit and execution the print has lost nothing of the character of the original; and if we except the right hand of the young Lord Dudley, which has too much of colour, or rather of blackness, and seems smaller than the left, the engraving cannot fail of being a favourite with the public, as the subject has ever been with the poet, the painter, and the historian, who have severally exercised their genius in lamenting the fate of these ill-starred, and it may be said innocent, victims. It is indeed one of the finest and most captivating specimens of the art which has issued from the press for a long period.

*The Fountain of Tophana, Constantinople.* Drawing of W. Page; engraved by R. G. Reeve. Coloured. Ackermann.

THIS print exhibits a truly magnificent specimen of Turkish architecture. It is of peculiar form, highly ornamented, and the overhanging roof is a singular feature in the building. The whole is rendered attractive by the varied colours and costumes of the gay groups which occupy the space on every side. It is altogether a beautiful and splendid production, and published at a time when the interest attached to the fate of the original building and its living contemporaries render it more likely to be highly popular. A neat memoir accompanies it, from the pen of Mr. John Landseer.

*An Introduction to Perspective, Drawing, and Painting.* By Charles Hayter. 4th edition. Kingsbury, Parbury, and Allen.

*A New Practical Treatise on the Three Primitive Colours.* By Charles Hayter. Booth.

THE earlier editions of the former of these

works have rendered it well known to the public; and it has been generally acknowledged by the best judges to be an excellent elementary treatise. Since its original appearance, however, it has been considerably augmented. The first edition consisted of but 168 pages; the fourth contains 400. One of the most curious portions of the additional matter is a conversation on finding the vanishing point of architectural back-grounds to be out of the picture; in which it clearly appears that both Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, able artists as they were, have in that respect repeatedly violated the laws of the science of perspective.

Of the Treatise on Colours it is impossible to convey to our readers any idea, without the assistance of the diagrams. As far as we have been able to examine it, it seems to us to exhibit in a manner which must render it exceedingly useful to artists and to amateurs of the fine arts, the numerous and beautiful combinations of which the three original colours are susceptible.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

An Historical Ballad.

It was the Duke of Normandy  
Rode forth at break of day,  
With pennon curling on the breeze  
In bright and proud array:  
The flower of all the continent  
Composed his valiant train;  
The knights of Flanders and Poictou,  
Bologna, Orleans, and Maine.  
  
It was at ancient Pevensey,  
On the noble Sussex coast,  
The bold Duke William landed  
With a fierce and warlike host,  
Of sixty thousand gallant men,  
With splendid arms supplied—  
Cross-bows and quivers at their back,  
And broad-swords by their side.  
  
To win fair England's glorious crown  
Duke William rode that morn,  
With battle-axe, and spear, and dart,  
With sounding drum and horn.  
Nor long nor weary was the way  
They march'd ere fall of night,  
When, by the brave King Harold led,  
Came the rival host in sight!

Then spake the Duke of Normandy:  
"Speed, herald, bold and free,  
To the leader of yon martial host  
This challenge bear from me—  
In single combat to decide  
Our stern and mortal feud;  
Thus blood of thousands may be spared,  
If either falls subdued."  
  
One moment, in the monarch's sight  
The fearless herald stood,  
And gallantly the challenge gave,  
To spare the waste of blood.  
Scarce breathed the word, ere on him lower'd  
Full many a dark'ning glance—  
A hundred warriors struck the shield,  
And grasp'd the ponderous lance!  
  
Straight answer made the wrathful king:  
"Return thou to the duke;  
To meet his chivalrous desire  
Would rouse our chiefs' rebuke:  
Unto the God of Arms we leave  
The chances of the fight;  
And wear his brow the victory  
Whose sword is in the right!"  
With banquet-song and revelry,  
Within the British tent,

The hours from dusky evening  
To twilight dawn were spent.  
Not thus within the Norman camp—  
A different scene shone there,—  
Hands clasp'd in deep solemnity,  
Knees lowly bent in prayer!

Ere yet the purple morning hour  
Illumed the eastern sky,  
The clash of arms rang merrily  
With the stirring battle-cry.  
A fatal shower of piercing steel  
From the Norman cross-bows flew,  
And many a valiant Kentishman  
On the stormy onset slew!

But swift to closer fight they rushed,  
And brisker war'd the strife;  
And deadlier the contention grew,  
Fiercer the thirst for life!

Beneath the bold, adventurous duke  
Three fiery steeds were slain!  
His falchion waved the goriest  
Upon that gory plain!

On spur'd the Saxons to the charge,  
While axe and glaive swept far;  
And bravely smote they to the hilt,  
Like lions bred to war!

Full to the centre of their square  
The Normans felt the shock;  
Yet stood they firm and stedfastly,  
As stands the giant rock!

Like lightning through the element  
A trenchant arrow flashed,  
And into Harold's royal brain  
Through helm and temple dashed!  
He sank: yet to the death his voice  
Was heard in hoarse command;  
And fiercely grasped, his reeking blade  
Gleam'd in his red right hand!

Then joyous shouts of victory  
Far shook the circling air;  
And helms were doffed, and banners waved,  
And knees were bended there!  
With—Live, long live the Conqueror!  
Did thousand voices ring:  
God save illustrious William,  
Our great, our glorious king!

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### FREDERIC VON SCHLEGEL.

THIS celebrated writer died of apoplexy at Dresden on the 11th of January last. He was born at Hanover in the year 1772, and was afterwards apprenticed to a merchant in Leipzig; whilst his elder brother, A. W. von Schlegel, was highly distinguishing himself at Göttingen. Frederic, however, evincing a decided distaste for the mercantile profession, returned upon his father's hands, and was permitted to follow the natural bent of his genius, which led him, during his sojourn at the universities of Göttingen and Leipzig, to devote himself to the study of languages with exemplary ardour. He entered the lists as an author at a very early age, attracted the attention of the public by the novelty of his opinions on subjects connected with ancient literature, and acquired no little note by his critical labours in the field of ancient and modern poesy. His first attempts, the "History of Poetry among the Greeks and Romans," which appeared in 1792; and the "Greeks and Romans," which followed in 1797, were very favourably received. At a later period, particularly after his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, his favourite pursuit was ethics and romantic literature, in which departments his "Prellections on German History," and

"History of Literature," are highly creditable to his attainments. His public lectures on Modern History, and on the Literary Annals of all nations, delivered in 1811-12, created a deep sensation throughout Germany, as combining a high degree of literary attainments with much originality of perception. His manner of viewing and treating these subjects, no less than his dramatic compositions and poems, afforded abundant aliment to the new school of the *romantesque* in that country, soon after its foundation had been laid in contra-distinction to the "classical school," and through the chief instrumentality of his brother. An overwrought impression of the pre-eminent genius and glory of the middle ages strengthened the principles his mind had already imbibed; and though himself the son of a Protestant clergyman, he scrupled not to pass over to the Roman Catholic religion, within the exclusive pale of which he conceived the regeneration of that golden epocha to be placed. Having prevailed upon his wife, a daughter of the celebrated Jewish deist, Mendelssohn, to follow his example, he had associated himself with Gentz and other converts to the same opinion, and in 1808 transferred his residence to Vienna, where he was appointed to the situation of counsellor of legation in the imperial chancery by Prince Metternich; and for several years conducted the affairs of secretary to the Austrian envoy at the diet of Frankfort; where the fervour of religious feeling does not appear to have rendered him a less useful tool in promoting the machinations of his princely patron. In 1819 he was allowed to retire from official avocations, and zealously embarked in labours calculated to promote the interests of the faith to which he had attached himself: his days were now absorbed by religious studies and spiritual speculations, and the fruits of his investigations were exhibited in the lectures he had begun to deliver at Dresden a few days before his decease. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the intelligence of his death so deeply affected his fellow-labourers and bosom-friend, Adam Müller von Nützendorf, that he died of grief the day after the tidings reached Vienna.

*Sir H. Davy* is stated, in letters from Geneva, to have died there on the 29th ult.

*Lord Blessington*, a nobleman of literary taste and pursuits, also died about a fortnight ago at Paris: and *Lord Thurlow*, another literary nobleman, died a few days since, at Brighton. We have, at present, no materials for obituaries of any of these individuals beyond what are well known.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE CHATEAU D'OLIFERNE.

[A tradition of the department of the Jura, in France] On the ridge of a long chain of mountains, which bounds the horizon towards the west, is the celebrated Château d'Oliferne; less renowned for the sieges which it underwent in the sixteenth century, than for the fables which the sight of its mouldering walls revives. The approach to it is almost inaccessible; the rocks on which it stands overhang a deep valley; and, looking from its battlements towards the east, the waters of the Ain glitter like a blue eardle fallen into the plain. In the wars of the Conquest, the French, irritated by its long resistance, put to death all the inhabitants, and dismantled the old ramparts, — not leaving a single bastion to be a memorial of the glory of its defenders.

Among the extraordinary incidents in the fabulous chronicles of this place, is one which

might advantageously occupy the pen of the romance writer. One day,—and who can describe the dreadful jealousies of which the crime was the result?—three young ladies, rivals in grace and beauty, were doomed by the tyrant of Olierne to the punishment of Regulus. In a cask lined with sharp nails, they were rolled, from the summit of the rock, into the waters of the Ain; so beautiful, so pure, so like the heaven which they reflected. For a long time the horrible machine floated on the river,—such groans proceeding from it as had never before disturbed the peaceful banks, and which were redoubled whenever the eddies drove it upon the shoals. At length it sunk, and soon after, dashed to pieces by the furious waters, a passage was opened from it for three bleeding spectres; who, stopping at the rocks opposite the château, seated themselves, and there established their eternal abode. These rocks are *Les Aiguilles des trois Dames*, which the traveller may still distinguish in the midst of the rude channel. Every night the spectres quit the rocks to go and visit their ancient dwelling. Sustained by the air, they gently descend on the banks of the river, lightly bathe their long white robes, mount to the ruins of the old palace, which they rapidly traverse, and then, at sunrise, regain, borne on the morning mists, their silent rocks.

The cruel baron did not remain unpunished. Since his death he has been constantly hunting in the neighbouring mountains. At break of day, when the three ladies retire to rest on their rocks, the lord of Olierne issues from the great gate of the castle, with his courtiers and his household, followed by a led horse, bloodhounds, greyhounds, pages, and huntsmen; and the echoes resound afar with the bugles of the dreadful band. The bears and the wild-boars are vehemently pursued by this intrepid hunter; and there is not a peasant in the mountains who does not declare that he has witnessed all these prodigies, and who does not retire from the chase when he fancies he hears the howls and barking of the Lord of Olierne's pack. It is the Freyschütz of the Jura. These old traditions have probably given some repose to the bears of these rocks, and have enabled them to continue their race until the present day; for the mountain of Olierne is the only mountain of the Jura on which they yet occasionally appear.—*Voyage Pittoresque et Romantique de l'Ancienne France*.

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

##### M. VICTOR'S READINGS.

We anticipate great delight from the dramatic readings of M. P. Victor, which commence this evening at the Argyll Rooms, and are highly patronised. They are to be given on four days during the ensuing fortnight, from the *Zaire* of Voltaire, the *Cinna* of Corneille, *Marie Stuart* of Le Brun, and M. Victor's own striking play of *Les Scandinaves*. From what we have seen and heard of this gentleman, we look for very instructive as well as effective examples of French elocution on these occasions; and trust that, as a foreigner and man of letters, he will meet with the encouragement his merits claim.

Among the present sights of London, Haydon's *Pharaoh*, *Passover*, and other capital works, exhibiting while the artist is finishing his *Eucles*, deserve to be noticed with much praise.

#### MUSIC.

VELLUTI's concert, on Tuesday, was exceedingly well attended, and most deservedly so;

his own performance was admirable. We doubt whether, as far as musical science goes, he does not carry it to its utmost perfection.

Graziani's concert, the same morning, was also crowded. Malibran sang delightfully; and a Mr. Lennox, a pupil of Graziani's, has a voice of much promise, and does credit to his master, who sang him with his usual spirit.

Miss Gautherot's concert was held on Wednesday evening. Sontag and her pretty little sister Nina sang delightfully; and Mr. Phillips did his country justice amid so many foreign voices. But the great novelty was the exquisite manner in which Miss Gautherot executed the "Recollections of Wales" on the harp. She is a very charming performer; and both from talent, amiable character, and situation, deserves all possible encouragement.

Madame de Vigo's concert, which we recommended in our preceding Number, was spoken of so that, without reference to the advertisements, the night might have been mistaken for *last* instead of *next Wednesday*; and lest we might injure where we wished to serve, we take this opportunity of setting the date right. The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, we perceive, patronises this accomplished exile; and Camporese, Stockhausen, Blasis, Miss Wilkinson, Braham, Donzelli, Curioni, &c. &c. afford her the aid of their great talents.

#### DRAMA.

THE winter theatres are on the eve of closing, and benefits are consequently crowding on each other. We regret to hear that few of them have been truly benefits. The important assistance of the Sontags produced bumper houses to Miss Paton, Mr. Farren, and Mr. C. Kemble, — and Braham's is always an overflow; but the rest, with few exceptions, have woefully disappointed the unfortunate speculators. Since Easter, both theatres have been deserted by the town; and we should not wonder if in a year or two, Drury Lane and Covent Garden should close with Lent, and throw the field open to the summer theatres. The only novelty within the last fortnight has been the performance of a German opera company at Covent Garden; but John Bull has been an uncourteous to the foreigners as to his own countrymen, and, despite the very clever acting and singing of Mr. Schultz as *Caspar*, and the usually attractive idea of listening to something he cannot understand, the obstinate old gentleman has kept aloof, and left the theatre in the quiet possession of red devils and blue devils. Drury Lane, we understand, is to close on the 20th, and Covent Garden on the 24th. Miss Smithson also had a good benefit on Thursday, when she played *Belvidera* excellently, to the Jaffier of a débutant, Mr. Cathcart, — an able performer.

The Haymarket opens on Monday, with a one-act farce by Mr. Poole, entitled, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

#### VARIETIES.

*Vaccination.*—It appears, from a table lately published in Paris, that the number of individuals vaccinated under the direction of the committee appointed by the Academy of Medicine within twenty years past, is about eight millions; and the number of persons vaccinated throughout France in the same period is thirty millions.

*Literary Fund: Greenwich Meeting.*—The meeting of Wednesday amounted to about 70 friends of the Institution; Lord Torrington, a V.P. in the chair. There were a number of

literary men present, and, we are sure, not a few firm friends added to the cause of the Charity by the good-humour and social enjoyments of the day. M. Roecauferte, the Mexican Minister, in returning thanks for his health being drunk, made an admirable speech, in which patriotic feeling, penetration, sound sense, and an ardent admiration of the best establishments of England, were conspicuous. Sir W. Betham also addressed the chair in a neat speech, on having his health proposed. At nine o'clock the party broke up, much pleased with their entertainment.

*The British Institution* has complimented Mr. Pickersgill with one hundred guineas, as a mark of admiration of the talents he has displayed in several recent works, which it did not fall within the plan to purchase.

*Chlorure of Lime.*—The chlorure of lime, which some time ago was so advantageously used in the Penitentiary at Millbank, has lately been applied with great effect in the purification of the spinning places for silk-worms, in France. It has been found preferable to the more rapid and frequently too powerful operation of Guyton-Morveau's disinfecting process.

*Antiquities.*—The last number of the *Bulletin Universel* contains an account of the discovery of some Roman antiquities at Bavaï, in France. One of the inhabitants, while digging his garden, found a large human skeleton, lying from east to west, having between its legs a two-edged sword, the blade alone of which measured three feet and a half French, so that the whole sword must have considerably exceeded in length four English feet. The feet of the skeleton rested upon a bronze helmet, and near the head was a small vase of gray clay, containing a Roman medal of the reign of Antoninus Pius. The same publication contains a notice of the researches, made by order of the minister of the interior, in the Amphitheatre of Frejus: among other things discovered, are part of a column of white marble, a bronze medal with the effigy of Adrian, and several pieces of well-sculptured marble, which appear to have formed part of a frieze.

*Subterranean Warehouses for Grain.*—Considerable interest seems to have been excited in Paris, during the late scarcity and high price of corn, by the opening of several silos which had been made three or four years ago by M. Ternaux, the celebrated agriculturist and manufacturer, and the supply of corn, in a perfect condition, at something less than the market price. M. Ternaux has been more fortunate in his experiments than others who have made similar attempts to preserve grain under the earth; but the result which has at length been obtained shews that perfect success may be secured under proper management. One of the first persons who has endeavoured to introduce this mode of housing corn into France in modern times is General Demarcay. He began in 1823, and in 1825 opened the silos which had been made. They were found nearly filled with weevils, and the corn was in almost a rotten state from humidity. At the time of closing the silos, every precaution that could be thought of had been used to prevent the admission of air; but it seems that the air contained in the straw and in the ears of the grain was quite sufficient to support the weevils. The moisture was found to be occasioned by the evaporation of the earth; to remedy which, new silos were made in a spot which was constantly in the shade, and means were taken to express the air from the straw with which the silos were covered. On re-opening the new

silos, the corn was found to be in a much better condition than what had been previously housed, but still not perfect: however, as the mode adopted by M. Ternaux has succeeded, little doubt is entertained by M. Demaray that his next attempt will also be successful. This gentleman housed a quantity of corn in an ice-house, and on removing it the following year, it was found to be in the best possible condition. The process of this mode of preserving grain is not given; but it is probably similar to the plan adopted by the gardener of Prince Leopold, at Claremont, to preserve vegetables. The articles to be preserved are first covered with powdered ice, then with small pieces of ice, and then with larger, and so on until all air is effectually excluded, and a proper supply of cold is kept up. In this way cauliflower, asparagus, and other vegetables, are kept until the following year, without the slightest deterioration in appearance or flavour.

*Production of Cochineal in Spain.*—The *Ba-yonne Gazette* of the 18th January last contained an account of the successful cultivation of this branch of industry, near Cadiz, by a gentleman, who obtained 44 lbs. of very fine cochineal. It is now stated in a letter from Madrid, that cochineal has been produced in much larger quantities at San Fernando and Puerto Real, and that there is every prospect of its becoming an important branch of commerce.

*Use of Salt for Cattle.*—The practice of giving salt to cattle has been introduced into Bavaria, but (with the exception of cows) without the beneficial results which are attributed to its use in this country by Mr. Curwen and other distinguished agriculturists. The cows, however, in Bavaria are said to thrive amazingly upon food in which salt is mixed; and the milk from cows thus fed is said to be as abundant and as rich in quality in the winter as in the spring.

*Royal Shooting.*—The following account of the field sports of Charles X. appears in a French paper called the *Courier des Electeurs*. “There is printed every year a volume called *Livret des Chasses du Roi*. Of this book only fifteen copies are printed, which are intended as presents. It contains not only the history of the field excursions of his majesty, but also an exact inventory of the heads of game destroyed by him and the persons who are permitted to share in his pleasures. Each of these has an account opened in the Livret, in which the kind and quality of the game and the nature of the shots are enumerated. In 1826 the king killed 11,054 heads of game, in which are included three rats, who had the misfortune to quit their holes and expose themselves to the royal lead. The expenses of the shooting establishment for the year were 1,800,000 francs (upwards of £70,000), being at the rate of 150 francs for each head of game. It is proper to add, that this sum is paid out of the civil list.”

*Foreign Uniforms.*—It is in contemplation by the French ministry to substitute the red colour in the army for blue. The madder, from which the red is dyed, is produced in large quantities in France; and by the change, it is said a saving of 1,500,000 francs a-year will be effected. Part of the troops forming the garrison of Paris were reviewed, dressed in red, last week by the dauphin, in order that he might judge of the effect.

“*Pompey's Statue.*”—Lord Hertford, who is living like a prince at Rome, has, it is stated, purchased the celebrated spada Pompey, at the foot of which “great Caesar fell,” for £5,100.

*Spain.*—Spain appears to be rousing from

the deep sleep in which for the last two hundred years she has been sunk. The loss of her South American colonies, and of the precious metals which she used to derive from that source, seems to have brought about this favourable change in her character. A work has lately been published at Madrid, recommending the formation of companies for the digging of coal, for the establishment of foundries, for the manufacture of steam-engines, for the construction of iron railways, bridges, and machines of all kinds, for the casting of cannon, for the completion of the canals of Castile and Arragon, for the preservation of the forests, for the cultivation of agriculture, and, in short, for giving to every description of industry and commerce a new and powerful impulse. It is very gratifying to learn that these plans have received the cordial support of the Spanish aristocracy—hitherto so disdainful of useful and laborious employments.

*Académie des Sciences.*—The Académie des Sciences lately balloted for a corresponding member in the sections of agriculture and rural economy. Of forty-eight votes, M. Gasparin, of Orange, obtained twenty-six; Sir John Sinclair, of Edinburgh, seventeen; and M. Bonnafous, of Turin, five. M. Gasparin was consequently elected.

*Clubs of Paris.*—Notwithstanding the severity of the police regulations against the formation of even literary clubs in Paris with more than a limited number of members, new societies of this kind are forming daily; and it is expected that the law prohibiting them will be relaxed. The chief political clubs in Paris are la Réunion Beauiset, la Réunion Marbe, Marbois, et Choiseul, and la Réunion de la Rue de Rivoli. The first consists of constitutional royalists; the second of pure constitutionalists; and the third of liberals—such as Ternaux, Gévandau, and Lafitte. In addition to these, there are several political *soirées*, chiefly frequented by literary and professional men: the principal is that of Lafayette, who contrives to get together on every Tuesday evening, at his house in the Rue d'Anjou, from two to three hundred persons of all nations.

*Ecstasy.*—The animal magnetisers of Paris pretend that when they have thrown any one into a state of what they are pleased to call “ecstasy,” the body is insensible to suffering; and they are just now circulating and attaching great importance to the case of an old lady of sixty-four, who, having been thrown by them into a state of ecstasy, underwent, as they say, the severe operation of having an ulcerous cancer cut out of her neck, without experiencing the slightest pain! During the whole of the operation, adds the statement, she exhibited no sense of suffering, or even of sensation, until towards the end, when she laughed, like a person who was being tickled, and exclaimed, “Finissez, ne me châtoyez pas—Leave off, do not tickle me.” Previous to each dressing of the wound she was again magnetised, with perfect success, and the cure was complete.

*Antecataphor.*—We have received several papers descriptive of a new and curious engine with the above name, invented by Mr. T. W. C. Edwards, Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry, and designed for “the instantaneous conveyance of intelligence to any distance.” After noticing some of the greatest inventions of preceding times, Mr. E.

“Undertakes to demonstrate clearly and briefly, in the work which he has now in the press, the practicability and facility of transmitting from London, *instantaneously*, to an agent at Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, the Cape of Good Hope,

Madras, Calcutta, &c., any question or message whatever; and of receiving back again at London, within the short space of one minute, an acknowledgment of the arrival of such question or message at the place intended, and a distinct answer to it in a few minutes.” He adds:—“In principle this engine is altogether different from every kind of telegraph or semaphore, and requires neither intermediate station nor repetition. In its action it is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, galvanism, or any other of those species of matter; and although the communication from place to place is instantaneous, and capable of ringing a bell, firing a gun, or hoisting a flag, if required, yet this is not done by the transit of any thing whatever to or from the engine; the operation is aught either audible or visible, except to the persons communicating. It may be proper, however, to state, that a channel or way must previously be prepared, by sinking a series of rods of a peculiar description in the ground, or dropping them in the sea; but these, after the first cost, will remain good for ages to come, if substantial when laid down.”

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The MS. note-books of the Rev. Gilbert White, the author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, containing many curious observations not hitherto published, are at present in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, who will issue in a few days a *cheap* and elegant edition of that work. The labours of editor have fallen into the hands of a gentleman eminently qualified for the undertaking; and the addition of notes and new illustrations will scarcely fail to bring out a more general notice of the delightful author, whose merits, owing to the cumbersome and unattractive form in which it has hitherto appeared, are not known as they deserve.

Views of Bath and its Environs, in a popular form, are announced by Mr. Worley, an artist, of that city.

The author of Reginald Trevor has a new novel in the press, entitled, *Laurence Merton*, or a Summer in Wales. It is, we hear, descriptive of modern Welsh manners, and contains some sketches of character especially referable to the highlands of Merionethshire.

*Progress of Periodical Literature.*—At Bucharest, in Wallachia, and at Yassi, in Moldavia, newspapers have recently been established: they are (according to accounts for we have not seen either) very unlike the more mature press to which we are accustomed; but, nevertheless, we trust they will go on and do good, though we cannot expect it unmixed with evil.

The translation of the Books of Confucius, by the principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, the Rev. David Collis, was by last accounts from the Straits, expected to be out in March.

A LIFE of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Mrs. A. T. Thompson, author of the *Memories of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, is announced for early publication.

We are glad to find that Don T. de Treuha, author of the *Castilian, &c. &c.*, is engaged in writing the Life of Hernan Cortes, including the History of the Conquest of Mexico. This work is for Constable's Miscellany.

*In the Press.*—Observations upon the Condition of Negro Slavery in the Island of Santa Cruz, and some Remarks upon Plantation Affairs; with a Notice of the Danish West India Islands.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Coxe's *Pelham*, 2 vols. Imperial 4to. 10s. bds.; 2 vols. 4to. 3s. 5s. bds.—*St. Oxford on Ulcer*, 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Horwitz's Hebrew Elements*, 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Horwitz's Sketch of Switzerland*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Knight on the Pyrenees*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Grolier's Catalogue of French Grammars*, 18mo. 9s.—*Hind's Catechist's Manual*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Five Nights of St. Albans*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Hall's North America*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Horatius*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*The Concise Arithmetician*, 18mo. sheep, 2s. 6d.—*Dagley's Village Nightingale*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Blanchard's Les Jeunes Enfants*, 18mo. 3s.—*Contes pour les Enfants*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Everest's Journey through Norway*, &c. 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Richardson's Zoology of Northern British America*, 4to. 12s. 6d. bds.—*Blunt's Nine Lectures*, 12mo. 4s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

June.	Thermometer.		Barometer.
	From	To	
Friday .....	4	45.	29.43 — 29.96
Saturday .....	5	45.	29.92 — 29.98
Sunday .....	6	37.	30.11 — 30.19
Monday .....	7	45.	30.36 — 30.39
Tuesday .....	8	45.	30.32 Stationary
Wednesday .....	9	43.	30.36 Stationary
	10	54.	30.36 — 30.31
Prevailing winds, N.E. and N.W.			
Generally clear; a little rain on the 8th.			
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.			
Edmonton.			CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude .....	51° 37' 32" N.		
Longitude .....	0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.		

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“We are sorry that we received the card for Mr. Fortune's lecture on the Ventilation of Coal-mines too late to attend; and the moment, as we are informed they developed great practical intelligence, and opened some very ingenious views on this important subject. Many concert and other tickets have also failed to reach us in time.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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Quarto—Masdes, Historia Critica de Espana, 20 vols. Madrid, 1794-1800; Ferrera, Synopsis Historica, 18 vols. 1775-91; Cespedes de Castilla, 15 vols. Madrid, 1770, &amp;c.; Ocampo, &amp;c. Coronas generales, 15 vols. large paper, 16 vols. 1794-1800; Octavio—Memorial Literario, 50 vols.; Obras de Montenegro, 10 vols.

Manuscripts.

The Original Household Register of Peter III. of Aragon, &amp;c. from Leonino MS. on vellum and paper; Atalaya de las Coronas, a most valuable MS. of the time of Henry IV.; Chronica General, MS. of the 15th century, with Portraits; Chronica de los Reyes Catolicos, Enrique IV. &amp;c. and many other valuable Manuscript Chronicles and Histories, many of which have never been published.

May be viewed two Days preceding the Sale. Catalogues (price 1s.) will be had of Messrs. Laing, Black, and Tait, Booksellers, Edinburgh; of Mr. Parker, Oxford; Messrs. Deighton, Cambridge; of Messrs. De Bure, Paris; and at the Offices of Messrs. Wheatley and Adlard, 191, Piccadilly, London.

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